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LAYING IN RUM FOR SUNDAY.

While the operation of the Excise Law has undoubtedly produced quieter Sabbaths than the city formerly enjoyed, it is not so certain that the trade has been damaged, or that much less liquor is drank in consequence. It is a painfully-frequent sight which we have illustrated on this page. On Saturday night the rum-shops of the city are crowded with men, women, and children who have come there to purchase liquor for use on Sunday, when the shops will be closed. Nowhere, and at no time, will a person behold more squalor, degradation, and misery than in a New York rum-shop on any Saturday evening.

WINTER SPORTS—AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

DRAWING FOR PRIZES.

We give on another page an illustration of the drawing of the prizes in the Orphan Home and School Lottery, at the Cooper Institute. The enterprise was started some months ago, and had for its object the erection of a Home and School for the orphan children of the fallen soldiers and sailors of the Republic. The plan insured a present to every subscriber, to whom was also offered, for a dollar, a chance of winning some rare and costly prize. At the outset of the undertaking the ambition of the managers was limited to selling about 200,000 tickets; but as the object and extraordinary attractions of the design became more extensively known, their most sanguine expectations were so fully realized that they determined on printing double the number originally intended. The anxiety to secure chances in this tempting lottery became greater from day to day, as it was found the second series of tickets printed—which it was determined should be the last—were fast running out. The principal prizes were a roll of greenbacks amounting to $10,000, two or three city residences, a country farm in Westchester County, and other similarly-enticing gifts.

The drawing began on the morning of January 28, at 9 A.M., at which time Cooper Institute was thrown open to the public, and before an hour had elapsed all the available seats were occupied by an eager and expectant multitude.—All those who were comfortably seated and many who were placed in positions any thing but agreeable provided themselves with prize-lists, and, pencils in hand, proceeded, like a host of reporters, to note down the magic numbers that issued in succession from the wheel. At a little before ten o'clock Generals Van Vliet, Wetmore, and Barlow appeared on the platform, which was also occupied by a staff of writing-clerks seated at several tables. A huge cylin-

EVADING THE EXCISE LAW—LAYING IN RUM FOR SUNDAY.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

lical box, over seven feet in diameter, painted red and blue, and mounted on a frame, was placed in the centre of the platform, and on the right-hand side a large black board for recording the winning numbers was put in a conspicuous position before the audience. The process of putting the numbers into the wheel was immediately commenced. When the wheel had received its entire freight it was set in motion by four or five of the committee, and the drawing began. The result of the enterprise, as a speculation, is said to have been highly remunerative to the managers, while the manner in which it was conducted was generally satisfactory to the ticket-holders.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES.

WHETHER a written or unwritten Constitution be more desirable may be a question, but when, as with us, a country has a written Constitution, it must be adapted, in the manner provided by itself, to the changing national condition, or there will be perilous confusion. The common talk about tinkering the Constitution is mere folly. A written Constitution is made to be tinkered. When it is formed it is the result of the national wisdom and experience down to that time; and the same reasons which controlled its formation continue to require its modification and enlargement. The great advantage of an unwritten Constitution is that the interpretation which the good sense of the nation gives to it at any time is really the fundamental law. In other words, an unwritten Constitution consists of certain general principles applied at any period to the national condition as the general wisdom dictates. This is what in this country we call the spirit of the Constitution. This is its superior and essential part; and the organic law itself provides how this spirit shall be adapted to any exigency.

As time passes, as the nation grows and circumstances arise which no human wisdom could foresee, the paramount conservative duty of the people is to amend the Constitution accordingly. The revolutionary tendency is to resist change under the plea that the letter is already perfect. But the true theory of a written Constitution is that it is like the skin of a living human body. Its essential qualities never change, but it adapts itself perfectly to the expanding frame and fits the man as it fitted the child. To protest against Constitutional Amendment is to insist that the skin shall be sheet-iron; it is to require that the bands which held the sapling shall remain untouched when the sapling has become a tree. This is merely to compass the destruction of the tree or of the band.

The war has shown us that the Constitution is not adapted to the present situation of the country. Our rapid and prodigious development has revealed dangers against which the Constitution does not expressly guard, and difficulties for which it affords no precise and indisputable remedy. This is a subject of the highest congratulation, for were it otherwise we should justly feel that we had made no real progress either in political morality or in a true nationality. The spirit of our Constitution is the spirit of liberty. Its fundamental principle is that of equal freedom. But it was adopted by States in which slavery existed, and which held strongly to a certain theory of State sovereignty or local rights which was really incompatible with the general prosperity and common existence. It was, indeed, most skillfully adapted to the public sentiment of the time in which it was framed. It refrained from expressly recognizing either slavery or State supremacy. And it plainly implied both equal liberty and an absolute national sovereignty. But its expressions and its omissions alike left certain points obscure. This very obscurity permitted the growth of a radical conflict. While time and experience were essentially strengthening the national morality and developing the national instinct, the intentional obscurity of phraseology in the Constitution favored the growth of an intense hostility to the necessary principles of the Government. The divergence at last permitted but one solution. Each party claimed to be the rightful interpreters of the fundamental law. They appealed to arms, and the victory remains with those who held to the spirit and purport of the Constitution, while those who had shielded their deadly conspiracy under an assumed authority based upon the omissions and obscurity of the instrument are utterly vanquished.

As the people have thus decided what the Constitution means it is their first and most imperative duty to make it say what it means, that there may be no further doubt among the loyal nor pretense among the disloyal. This is the unanswerable argument for certain constitutional amendments at this time. The Constitution and the Union under it have been maintained by arms, and the decision must be put beyond dispute. And nobody but the victorious people can declare what their decision is. It is not for those who resisted them, nor for those who sympathized with the resistance, to undertake to settle the decision of the war. For that we must look to the victors.

Now by common consent the Constitution has been interpreted in the interest of nationality and liberty. It should therefore be amended accordingly, so that there may be no question remaining. It should declare expressly that no State is to secede; and that if it makes the attempt it shall resume its relations in the Union only upon such conditions as Congress may prescribe. It should further declare, as it now does by the thirteenth amendment, that slavery shall not exist; and it should define, as the pending amendment proposes, who are citizens of the United States; and it should further give to every such citizen equal guarantees of his liberty by securing equality of political power.

We believe that this view of the subject is becoming every day clearer to the country. The idea that because we have a written Constitution we can not secure the national safety by amending it according to the decision of the war, but that the Southern interpretation of it, which was overthrown by arms, is now to prevail in virtue of its failure, is a folly so exquisite that it could be entertained only by those who supposed a great nation would consent to be theorized out of existence. The intent of the Constitution can be expounded only by those who have maintained it, and their decision can be manifested only in amendments. The sole danger is in that kind of superstition which forgets that a fundamental law is valuable and authoritative only as it expresses the living conviction and purpose of a nation.

CONGRESS AND IMPEACHMENT.

UNTIL the report of the Judiciary Committee is presented to the House the air will be thick with rumors of every kind from Washington. We are very glad, therefore, that Mr. WILSON, the chairman of the Committee, has stated that nobody but the members of the Committee know any thing about the progress of the investigation, and that all the reports in regard to it are wholly groundless.

The Judiciary Committee is usually considered a very radical body, and it is probably the general impression that it will report in favor of impeachment. But it will be remembered that this much-abused Congress has not been swift to take extreme action of any kind. Notwithstanding great national excitement, and the natural exasperation of the Legislature with an Executive who first betrayed and then denounced it; notwithstanding also its enormous majority, which enables it to dispense with the Presidential approval, the action of the Thirty-ninth Congress has been singularly temperate.

During the last session there was much hot and foolish declamation, but the decisions were deliberately and wisely made. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS was called the leader of the House. He unbridled his tongue and urged summary measures; but of all his serious plans, during a session of seven months, Congress adopted but one—the appointment of a Reconstruction Committee. Rivaling the wise patience of Mr. LINCOLN, it endured the sneers of all its enemies and the adjurations of some of its friends. It knew that, at an epoch like this, time is the truest friend, for time only can reveal the circumstances upon which wise legislation can be based. Upon the one hand, Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS charged it with hypocrisy and swindling; upon the other, Mr. RAYMOND prayed it to leave its damnable faces and begin. But Congress waited and investigated and deliberated, and time, which it trusted, has vindicated its wisdom. Had it decreed confiscation and territorial governments and universal suffrage at its last session it would have outrun public sympathy. But by proposing only the mild Amendment it gave the country full opportunity to learn the controlling facts of the situation, and won public opinion to its present advanced position.

We confide, therefore, in the wise report of the Judiciary Committee and the subsequent action of Congress. Should the Committee decide not only that the evidence authorizes impeachment but that circumstances render it desirable, we have no doubt that the testimony and arguments will be so fully and fairly stated as to command public approval; and we presume that upon the presentation of such a report the House will defer action until it can ascertain the feeling of the country.

There is probably little difference of opinion among loyal men as to the usurpation by the Executive of the functions of the Legislature. But as it is not generally believed to have had originally a bad intention, and as it has been wholly defeated in its perilous tendency, it is questionable whether upon that ground alone impeachment would be expedient. There is equally little doubt of the illegal dispensation of the prerogative of the Senate by the Executive action in official appointments. But that is with ample precedent, and is a disputed point upon which impeachment is plainly inexpedient. More ominous was the Presidential conduct at the time of the New Orleans massacre. If it shall clearly appear that under any pretense whatever the President of the United States connived at the slaughter of citizens peaceably assembled for discussion, the public indignation will be profound, but it will not necessarily regard impeachment as the wisest policy. And if the Committee shall show by ample evidence that the pacification of the country is impeded or paralyzed by the unconstitutional passivity of the President in executing laws of the most vital necessity, and that the attitude of the Judiciary leaves no reasonable doubt that for the whole term of the next Congress the present situation must continue, the question for the country will be simply whether it is more expedient to worry through than to set the precedent of impeachment.

The peril of the precedent is probably the strongest popular argument against impeachment for any cause less than that of an open and palpable attempt to subvert the Government by force. The argument is, that all other attempts are mainly inferential, and therefore doubtful; and that if an impeachment be carried for any such cause, an extreme Constitutional remedy becomes at once an ordinary party measure. Such an argument is very powerful. It demands very careful reflection. But on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that every grave political measure creates a precedent; and that although a precedent is always in danger of being abused, yet that in this country there is less peril than elsewhere, because we may always count upon the increasing intelligence and good sense of the people not to abuse it.

The session is so nearly at an end that it may be doubted whether the present Congress is likely to take final action upon the subject. But as the next Congress is composed of many, if not most, of the sitting members, it may be assumed that no very serious change of opinion is likely to occur. General BUTLER, of course, will dispute Mr. STEVENS's laurels; but the General will learn the lesson which has been very forcibly taught Mr. STEVENS, that Congress follows no other leader than the conviction and intelligence of the country. In view of every contingency, however, if the impeachment should finally be carried, and it were thought best to suspend the President from his functions during the trial, there is no man whose temporary occupation of the Executive office would inspire greater confidence in the country than Senator FESSENDEN.

BROKERS' WAYS AND MEANS.

IN such period of unsettled values and commercial derangement as the present, brokers and speculators thrive most. They alone make money. Depreciated securities afford them the same percentage of gain as those that bear the highest premium. The rise and fall of gold yield them a like margin of profit. Whatever their failings may be, whatever their sins of omission, they are seldom guilty of errors of *commission*. So certain are the emoluments of the craft that when a man has failed in all other schemes and expedients he invariably turns broker.

> "Thus weather-cocks, which for a while
> Have turned about with every blast,
> Grown old, and destitute of oil,
> Rust to a point and fix at last."

Dr. JOHNSON wrote that "a man is seldom more beneficially employed, either for himself or others, than when he is making money." This seems to be the actuating and governing principle of the Gold Room and the Stock Exchange; and doubtless the persistent broker, who howls his throat hoarse in Broad Street from morning until night, imagines himself more beneficially employed than the rest of mankind, who toil to produce that which money will buy. The art of making money, "either for himself or others," is known to the broker in a superlative degree. All brokers make money, either for themselves *or others*. If they can not make it out of their patrons, they feed and fatten upon themselves. It is not unusual in the Gold Room for one broker to buy $10,000 from another, and within five minutes sell it back to the same man at a respectable profit. This is called a "turn." The brokers take turns in doing so. If there is nothing to be made in this way they borrow from each other, and receive interest for their loans. In almost any supposable case the broker "makes money," as Dr. JOHNSON says. In last extremity, when driven to the wall, they overdraw their bank-account a couple of hundred thousand and retire rich.

Moreover, favorites among the brokers have their private nests well feathered. (The brokers take care of their own, on the principle of charity beginning at home.) For instance, the Moderator of the Gold Room gets $10,000 a year for expounding parliamentary law to the "Bulls" and "Bears," which is not a bad salary for any clergyman. The other salaries of the Board are in proportion. Likewise, the officers of the Mining Board and Stock Exchange receive several thousands for settling disputes and pounding their desks with mallets two hours in every twenty-four. (Disputes are not settled with the mallets.) These salaries are paid out of the dues, fines, and initiation fees of the members. It costs a man now $2500 to become a member of the Gold Board. It used to be only $200, but in these days there are so many fingers after the plums that new memberships can hardly be afforded, even at the increased rate. The admission fee to the Stock Exchange is $3000! The officers of the Gold Exchange Bank, or Clearing House, lately established, also get comfortable salaries, while printers, reporters, runners, telegraphers, janitors, and other employés are supported handsomely by compensation growing out of the daily traffic in gold.

The precincts of Mammon (which lie chiefly within the triangle bounded by Broadway, Wall, and Beaver streets) daily illustrate two distinct phases of labor—its substantial *fact* and its shadowy *fiction*. One is seen at dawn, in the laborer trudging forth to his task, whose mission is to produce. The other becomes visible at 10 o'clock, and exhibits the parasite that lives upon the producer. During the few hours' interval an unnatural quiet pervades the precincts of Mammon, as if to give the workers a fair start before the drones begin to sip. While all other parts of the city resound with the hum of industry, Wall Street preserves its painful stillness. The explanation is that the Gold Room and Stock Board constitute the mainspring that sets trade and traffic in motion here, and the machine is not wound up until 10. If it should not be wound up at all, as on holidays, or if it should cease to run at noon, as it sometimes does, then all business in that vicinity is paralyzed or suspended.

The time was when all stock transactions were carried on in the purlieus of Wall and William streets and Exchange Place, and solicitous divines were wont to warn the would-be speculators of their flocks that the shortest Road to ruin lay through Wall Street; but *Broad* is the way that leads to destruction now, and all old stock-gamblers, or novitiates who wish to try their luck, must turn their footsteps there. Also, in former times, operators were content to make their bids or sales on curbstones in the open air; but now they congregate in palatial edifices which are whitest marble without, but foul with tobacco-juice within, and hideous with the wrangling of a thousand brazen throats. Here, in the turbulent sea and changing tide of fortune, men lose or win their thousands in an hour. They surge fearfully on the tumbling crest of a panic, or repose in the intermittent lull of a calm and the soothing atmosphere of thick tobacco-smoke. Spasm succeeds spasm, and the infection of excitement passes with lightning rapidity and unerring certainty from the street to the inner sanctum, or from within to the Open Board, according to the influences, rumors, or speculative manipulations that are reciprocally brought to bear upon the market. The intelligence directly goes abroad that stocks are tumbling fearfully, that such-and-such extensive operator has failed, and that worse disasters threaten. Meanwhile, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the laborer have been quietly pursuing their several avocations, unconscious of any danger impending, or of any sufficient cause that should disturb the even tenor of past prosperity and fixed values. But what is the real effect of all this commotion upon the outside world? Why should it affect it at all? What concern is it of others that some score of men have won or lost heavily in their stock-gambling? The business world knows well enough how it is done—that the decline is caused by a "Ring" or combination of heavy capitalists, who, having now squeezed their victims as dry as seems expedient or safe at present, and bought in all the stock they can carry conveniently, will bull the market in their turn, and send stocks up again. Why, then, should the mercantile community suffer? Only this: that when securities are depressed they fall in favor as collaterals; confidence is shaken; the money-market tightens; men can not easily borrow to meet their engagements; and failures eventually result. This, and nothing more. Legitimate enterprise suffers, but the brokers have made money and will make money out of the general derangement of trade.

In the Gold Room the brokers find additional ways and means of making money. Fluctuations are rapid there under the manœuvres of the strong cliques of operators, and it only requires an absurd rumor from Washington or the Eastern Hemisphere to set the mill in motion which will grind out the golden grain into the maws of insatiate speculators. The daily transactions in gold sometimes reach 150 millions, which the Clearing House readily settles for the brokers at the very moderate charge of one cent per thousand dollars. At first the charge was two cents, but the Clearing House was too conscientious to take that much, and therefore voluntarily reduced it—an extraordinary instance of "honor among" gentlemen. The Gold Room always sympathizes with the Stock Exchange. If stocks decline rapidly the public becomes alarmed, and gold naturally advances; and if because gold is higher, stocks consequently fall still lower. One helps the other, and both assist the concentric rings of speculators. When all other means fail to produce the required fluctuations they bait the trap with "wash" sales and bogus transactions in fictitious stock, or sometimes create a tight money-market by borrowing heavily from the banks,

depositing the borrowed notes as collateral; in consequence of which the banks' regular mercantile customers are unable to obtain seasonable accommodation, and are therefore thrown upon the tender mercies of the street, and fall a prey to the note-brokers and shavers.

Whichever way the tide turns, brokers invariably make money. If business is active they thrive on brokerage and commissions; and if there comes a financial revulsion, then they flourish upon the misfortunes of others. Their most abundant harvest is during a period of unsettled values. But all these speculative gains, all the profits resulting from the forced and feverish fluctuations of the market, are so much direct tax upon the productive industry of the country.

We shall enter into details of this subject in subsequent articles.

AID FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The statement of the Executive Committee of the Southern Relief Commission will not, we are sure, be lost upon the generous heart of the country. We wish it were possible for the people of the Southern States to understand that the people of the other States are wholly free from any vindictive or harsh feeling toward them. We say it the more confidently because this paper is accused of relentless hostility toward "the South," and of a disposition to perplex and delay national harmony. But in one sense only is this true. So far as the phrase "the South" describes the spirit of caste, injustice, aristocracy, and the political theories inspired by it, so far we are its steady foe, and are firmly persuaded that nothing but its extinction will give the country a chance of harmony and peace. But in common with all sensible persons we fully understand the circumstances of the late war at the South, the sincerity with which the Southern theory of the Constitution was held, the pertinacity and bravery with which it was defended in the field, and the honesty with which many of those who fought most desperately now accept the result. All that we wish is, that the result shall be secured, and that all the blood of four terrible years shed upon both sides shall not have been shed in vain, as it infallibly will have been if those who have won do not understand what they have won.

This feeling is, of course, perfectly intelligible. It does not imply a spark of revengeful emotion. We have resolutely opposed the theory that a vast war of four years could be treated as a riot of four hours. We have exposed the folly of wholesale penalties and proscriptions. We fully recognize the fact that those who are defeated do not feel pleasantly toward the victors. We do not forget that the coexistence of a lately privileged class with a servile class suddenly freed, and whose color was the badge of the old servility, presents a very difficult problem. But we do not believe that it will be happily solved by leaving the conceded rights of the one class dependent upon the pleasure of the other. On the contrary, we hold that the indication of a settled determination that they shall not be so dependent tends straight and swiftly to general tranquillity.

And now the opportunity is offered to all who agree with us, and they are the great multitude of the people of this part of the country, to prove that we suffer in the sufferings of the people of the South, and that we aim not at individual or local punishment but at the national welfare and fraternity. We would feed, and clothe, and teach. We would invest the truth of our political convictions with all the glory of sympathy and humanity. We would show that our doctrine of equal human rights has a moral foundation by an exhaustless beneficence. If the clouded Southern idea of "a Northerner" or of "a Yankee" is that of a sour, sharp, hard trader, let us show him to be—what he truly is—a cheerful, generous, sympathetic friend. If the Southerner thinks that we are Mars, grim and bloody, it is our business to show him that we are Cybele herself, the mother of peace and plenty. When he sees that our hearts are right he will be more ready to believe that our heads are not all wrong.

There is a region in this country six or seven hundred miles long and one or two hundred wide in which there are a million and a half of people and not breadstuffs to feed half of them until the next harvest is gathered. And it is our country; and those are *our* people; and they are people against whom inexorably fighting we have at last prevailed, and people who must remain one with us. Let us justify our victory even to them by our humanity. Let us show them that not personal or sectional hostility, not a mean ambition, not partisan fury, but an equal determination with theirs in devotion to what we think an essential principle, strengthened us and gave us the triumph. And by our open hearts and hands, by our quick and ample relief as from brother to brother, let us implant in their sad hearts, weeping in a stricken land, the divine doubt whether, after all, our principle were not the truer. By their fruits ye shall know them. And if, while our political aims are plainly toward justice only, our social sympathies overflow in practical charity, we shall find that the way of national peace becomes daily brighter.

James M. Brown, of the house of Brown, Brothers, & Co., is the Treasurer of the Executive Committee, and all contributions may be sent to him at 61 Wall Street. Facts of destitution and applications for relief may be addressed to Edward Bright, Corresponding Secretary, 39 Park Row, New York.

THE LETTER TO Mr. MOTLEY.

It is difficult to speak temperately of the extraordinary letter of the Secretary of State which caused the resignation of Mr. Motley. It is so gratuitous an insult to one of the most honored of living Americans, and through him to his fellow-citizens, that it has probably no serious defender in the whole country.

The Secretary of State writes to an historian whose chief fame is his brilliant defense of popular government that somebody says he is an enemy of democracy; he writes to a minister who is peculiarly endeared to his country by his private and public vindication of American unity and nationality against the ignorant prejudice of the British aristocracy that he is anonymously accused of servility to English noblemen; he writes to a man conspicuous for the finest graces of the gentleman that a nameless traveler declares him to be a blackguard, and asks him what he has to say about it. There is not an American of honorable feeling who does not wince as he reflects upon the indecency.

Mr. Motley's answer is worthy of his fame and of his character. He denies distinctly the specific charges; he asserts the perfect right of every American citizen, whatever his official position, to express his opinions upon grave public questions; he states clearly, moderately, and firmly what his opinions are, and, with a single word of pain that his character alone has not defended him against so ignoble a slander, he resigns his position.

We must infer that the private discourse of the Secretary of State concerning official personages who differ with him in opinion is so comely and temperate that he is authorized to call others to account. We must assume that he is so careful in his criticisms, so free from irritability and petulance, as to be properly shocked at any reported heat in others. Otherwise his letter is as absurd as it is sad; while coming from the head of the Cabinet of a President who speaks as he has constantly spoken of members of Congress, the letter is an amazing jest.

The Secretary of State seems determined that those whose sense of his former signal service to the country inclines them to silence in regard to his present position shall be compelled to agree that his present official conduct is a national misfortune.

SUBTERRANEAN TRAVEL.

Some months since Mr. Craven, the Engineer of the Croton Board, stated that an underground railroad in New York would interfere with water pipes and trouble the foundations of the city so much that it was undesirable if not impracticable. The project therefore seemed to be abandoned. But some remedy of the crowded and impassable thoroughfares has been long an absolute necessity, and we have at length the report of the Legislative Committee, signed also by Mayor Hoffman and Mr. Craven himself, recommending an underground railroad. The elevated road is regarded as a doubtful experiment and unadapted to the transport of freight; and the plan of a railway running through blocks offers tedious and vexatious delays and vast expense. The underground project is therefore approved as the most practicable and speediest remedy of the difficulty.

It is evident from the report that the subject has received very careful consideration from engineers, and that the experience of London has been consulted. Mr. Kirkwood's report states that recent experiments prove that a steam locomotive is not essential to the movement of a subterranean train, and Mr. Davidson submits some interesting observations upon pneumatic propulsion; a subject which will be more fully tested. The general proposition of the Committee is a line from the Battery to the City Hall Park, thence diverging into two or more lines east and west of Broadway. They recommend, however, that the plan of Mr. Harvey for an elevated road upon supports in the street be experimentally tried for half a mile in the southern part of Greenwich Street.

Mr. Kirkwood went last year to London and carefully examined the various railroad systems there. He describes especially a tunnel road irregularly winding under the city north of the Thames. It is fourteen miles long, and is designed for through passengers, whom it carries rapidly and cheaply. Five and a half miles are now in operation, and the running time, with seven stoppages, is twenty-two minutes. This is at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. The road carries more than four hundred thousand passengers weekly, who pay twelve cents for the first-class, eight cents for the second, and six cents for the third-class cars. Here we will make the third-class first-class, and all ride in them at the lowest fare.

But before the railroad is built why not throw a few bridges over Broadway?

FERRY ABUSES.

The Grand Jury of Hudson County, New Jersey, have just set an excellent example to the whole country. They have called the attention of the authorities to the flagrant offenses of the Weehawken Ferry Company in running a boat called the *Lydia*, which, it seems, is old and rotten, and upon which sheep and hogs are turned into the cabins, the walls of which are covered with obscene designs. This filthy and rotten tub is used to convey passengers across the North River. Why do not the Grand Jury publish the names of the responsible persons? Who are the directors and agents of this Company? If men are taught by disagreeable publicity that they must either do the duty they pretend to do or not pretend to do it, we should find public opinion rapidly purifying a great many unclean customs.

The ultimate remedy of the abominations to which the enormous daily traveling population of New York is forced to submit by railroad and steamboat companies lies in itself. We hear, for instance, constant and bitter complaint of the discomforts and petty annoyances and insolent disregard of the passengers from daily travelers upon the ferry-boats to the Morris and Essex Railroad. We believe that Mr. Edwin Stevens, of Hoboken, is a large, if not a controlling proprietor of that ferry. If Mr. Stevens has not heard we hereby inform him that the complaint of passengers by that ferry is constant and grievous. Can he do nothing to help it? Can his agents do nothing? At least, we advise the daily travelers who experience the inconveniences to protest to him, and to protest publicly, and to keep up such a protestation that if they can not be heard by any authority which can help them, the public can form a very clear judgment of such authorities.

There is no other remedy for such passengers except the establishment of a new line, which is expensive and impracticable. As long as they submit quietly so long they will be outraged. If they undertake, as we learn they sometimes have undertaken, personal correction of certain outrages, they merely add brawling to the general discomfort. Concentrate the public contempt upon those who are clearly responsible, by diligent publication of their names and statements of the abuses which they tolerate, and matters will begin to mend.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Congress has been unusually dull since the date of our last record: The propriety of transferring the Indian Bureau from the Interior Department to the War Department was discussed in the House of January 29, and the Indian Department was denounced as a den of thieves. The bill finally passed the House on January 31.

The House, in committee of the whole, on January 29, discussed the propriety of annulling the Legation at Rome in consequence of the Pope's prohibition of Protestant worship within the walls of the city. Subsequently the House decided that no more money should be paid for the support of the Legation at Rome after the close of the present fiscal year (June 30); but a consul is to be maintained there to look after American commercial interests. The mission to Portugal was discontinued under the same conditions as to time; and both the Lisbon and Rome Legations are practically abolished.

The veto messages of the President in the bills for the admission of Colorado and Nebraska were read in the Senate on January 29 and 30. The bills had not been considered as passed over the vetoes up to February 4.

The Tariff bill, variously amended in the Protective interest, passed the Senate on January 30. The House deferred action on it, and referred it on February 2 to the Committee on Ways and Means.

The Senate Tenure of Office bill, prohibiting the President from removing officers without the advice and consent of the Senate, was adopted in the House on February 2, by a vote of 111 yeas to 38 nays. An amendment, including Cabinet officers among the others, was also adopted.

THE LEGISLATURE.

A Committee to inquire into the neglect of the Street Commissioner of New York city was ordered in the Assembly on January 30.

The Special Committee of the Senate decided on January 31 that underground railroads was a necessity in New York city.

NEWS ITEMS.

Russia is about to establish a church in New York city for worship according to the Greek rites.

The Attorney-General of New Hampshire has given directions through the State to close up by prosecution all rum-shops, by whatever name they may be called, where crime is committed, to which it can be directly traced, or in which criminals are harbored.

The north building of the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg was destroyed by fire on January 25.

A collision occurred January 30 on the Cheeves plantation, South Carolina, between the negroes and the United States troops. The trouble results from efforts to dispossess the negroes from the land granted them during the military occupation, and upon which they have crops growing.

A Union man is under indictment in Johnson County, North Carolina, for stealing four pounds of meat from the so-called Confederate States Government (these are the exact words used in the bill), and unless the Government interfere it is believed by his friends that he will be dragged to the whipping-post. The accused was a conscript soldier in the rebel army, and when on duty in 1863, while half starved, took meat to keep life in his body, and now will have to suffer for an act not against law, but because he is and was a Union man.

The Tennessee State Senate has requested United States Senator Patterson (son of President Johnson) to resign. The preamble recites "his shameful betrayal of the loyal Union men who gave him their confidence and their votes."

In 1861, when Georgia seceded, Solomon Cohen, postmaster at Savannah, turned over the funds of his office to the rebels, and continued to act as postmaster under rebel rule. When the war ended he was elected to the United States Congress. John E. Hayes, a loyal man, and editor of the *Savannah Republican*, reviewing the career of the Congressman elect, alluded to him as "a defaulter to the United States." Cohen had Hayes indicted for libel, and a criminal prosecution ensued in a Georgia court. A jury of rebels have brought in a verdict of guilty, and virtually decided that rebel postmasters were not defaulters.

The navigation of Long Island Sound was effectually closed on February 1, and wagons and horses crossed and recrossed between Fort Schuyler, New Rochelle, Willett's Point, Whitestone, Great Neck, and City Island in safety. Far as the eye could reach, for a distance of ten or fifteen miles, to the right and left of Throgg's Neck, one unbroken mass of ice extended, varying in thickness from one to five feet. Along the beach in many places the ice rose to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet. Eight schooners and the Boston steamers *Nereus*, *Oceanus*, and *Continental* were frozen in the field of ice.

The United States steamer *Lancaster*, reported lost off Cape Horn, arrived safely at Barbadoes December 24, 1866.

Hon. Philip Johnson, Member of Congress from the Eleventh Pennsylvania District, died in Washington on January 31.

Washington Hunt, Ex-Governor of New York and a former Member of Congress, died in New York on February 2.

The President and some leading Southern men have decided on a new plan of reconstruction. A series of resolutions were drawn up in favor of suffrage based on reading and writing and a property qualification of $250, to be submitted for adoption to the Southern Legislatures, and to pave the way for the submission of the question by the President in his Message to the Fortieth Congress. These resolutions were sent to the Governors of several of the Southern States on February 3, accompanied by an advisory letter stating that they met the President's approval. The question of Amnesty does not appear to have been an essential feature of the proposed plan. The Governor of North Carolina was telegraphed to keep the Legislature in session to consider these propositions, and similar messages were sent to the Executives of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. Governor Orr, of South Carolina, left Washington on February 3 to submit the new plan to the Legislature of his own State.

The steamship *R. R. Cuyler* has been seized by the Custom-house officials of New York as a privateer in the service of Chili.

Governor Wells, of Louisiana, in his late Message, repeats his conviction that the New Orleans riot was "an unprovoked massacre of loyal citizens, headed by the police and assisted by a mob, to gratify their hatred of every man who remained true to the Government during the rebellion or abandoned its cause." The Governor also strongly approves of the Constitutional Amendment as just and proper, and says he believes it to be within the power of Congress to demand of the seceding States such guarantees as are therein secured.

A letter from Rome from Rev. Dr. Samuel I. Prime, dated January 4, 1867, establishing the fact of the late suppression of Protestant worship in Rome, and declaring that "Papal Rome was less tolerant than Pagan Rome had been," was the closing argument advanced in the House of Representatives, on January 31, to secure the passage of the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill which abolished the Legation at Rome.

A Nashville (Tennessee) paper asserts rebel citizens of that State are banded together, and large sums of money raised, to procure the assassination of Colonel W. B. Stokes and other Radical State leaders. In the House of Representatives, on February 4, a resolution was adopted to investigate the matter.

It is estimated that the cost of clearing the streets of Boston of the superabundance of snow that fell during the two great storms in January will amount to at least $50,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the announcement that the French, Austrian, and Russian powers were about to interfere in the Cretan war, the Sultan offered the Christians terms of peace, and for a time hostilities ceased. The Cretans indignantly rejected the terms proposed by Turkey, and the war was resumed with the former vigor and ferocity. This result has further complicated matters and "the Eastern question" now seriously threatens an extensive war. Russia, taking advantage of the insurrection of the Christians in Crete against the Turks, appears disposed to again endeavor to push her way to the Mediterranean; and already the Sultan and the Czar are arming. On this further extension of the vast territory of Russia the other powers of Europe are not disposed to look with favor; and we may witness in 1867 the same "unholy" alliance of Christian and Mohammedan against Christian in order to maintain the "balance of power in Europe which existed in 1854–55." This time England is likely to remain neutral, and France and Austria promise to be the allies of the Turk. Garibaldi, who sees and fears this unnatural complication, has written a letter urging on England, France, and Russia an alliance similar to that of 1827, which established the Greek kingdom, and begs those powers to complete the good work then begun by freeing Candia and the other islands of the archipelago from Turkish rule and uniting them to Greece. This policy of the Christian and freeman is not, however, likely to prevail against that dictated by the selfish ambition of the European powers. How far the United States may become interested in the Eastern question under its new phase is a question much agitated at this time both in Europe and this country. Our navy has already been more prominent than that of any other country in aiding the Cretans; an alliance offensive and defensive is popularly supposed to exist between Russia and the United States; the struggle for liberty of the Cretans and the efforts of Russia to aid them meet with the warmest sympathy in America; and latterly it is said that Russia is intriguing to involve us with her in the coming war by sending General Constantine Canaris, the Greek hero of the war of 1827, as an envoy to this country asking aid for the Cretans.

The Colonial Secretary of Great Britain has informed the Canadians that their Confederation scheme has been sanctioned by the home Government; that the bill will be introduced as a Government measure at the next sitting of Parliament; and that under this new organization Prince Alfred is to be the first Governor and Royal Viceroy.

Brazil and her Allies have resolved to push the war against Paraguay with renewed vigor.

The Honduras Government has contracted for a railway across that country, connecting the two oceans. The Costa Rican Congress was convened on January 8 to approve the contract with New York capitalists for building an interoceanic railway.

Foreign mediation between the allied republics of Peru, Bolivia, and Chili, and Spain has been definitely rejected, and a vigorous prosecution of the war has been determined upon.

The latest announcement from Europe with regard to Mexico is to the effect that the Austrian troops are to remain in Mexico after the French shall have left.

The presence of our squadron in the Bosphorus and around Crete is considered by the Paris diplomats as serving to "complicate the Eastern question."

Ortega, claiming to be the rightful President of Mexico, has been captured by the Juarists, and is threatened with execution.

MURDER OF SENATOR CASE, OF TENNESSEE.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Richmond, Virginia, January 17, says of the feeling prevalent throughout the South:

"I was in hopes when the war ended that love to the Union would revive in the breasts of the Southern people. In that expectation I have been miserably disappointed. The unfortunate course pursued by President JOHNSON awakened hopes in the South only to be disappointed. At first we were humble and willing to submit to any thing, glad to escape without losing our land. Now we are exceedingly angry at having lost our negroes. We still hope that the Northern Democrats will espouse our cause, and by force of arms place our representatives in the halls of Congress. That forlorn hope is all that we have left to comfort us. If JOHNSON should get himself turned out of office, instead of driving others out, we shall go deranged, I fear. Instead of loving the Union, all who have lost their slaves seem to hate it with a perfect hatred. Such would not have been the case if ANDY JOHNSON had kept his word and endeavored to make treason odious."

That the spirit of rebellion is not whipped out of the Southern people is proved by numerous reports of the above character, and daily instances of cruelty to negroes, and persecutions, and even assassinations of Union men. One of the latest and most terrible proofs of this rebellious and inhuman spirit is the tragedy in Tennessee, resulting in murders of Senator ALMON CASE and his son, and Deputy-Sheriffs M. H. KINMAN and GREEN, all of Obion County, Tennessee. The story is one of the most horrible on record.

The murderer in each case was the same—a noted rebel guerrilla ruffian named FRANK FARRIS. He belonged to a band of robbers which prowled on friend and foe alike. A comrade of FARRIS was captured and shot as a guerrilla by Union troops, when FARRIS and his brother swore to be revenged. They shortly after killed a Union soldier named THOMPSON in the presence of his wife. At the close of the war they were indicted for this murder, but fled, returning to Obion County only about two months ago. They managed to evade arrest in various ways, and, finally, to carry out their horrible designs of revenge. The first victim selected was the son of Senator CASE. One Sabbath-day, only a few weeks ago, the Senator and his family were returning from church. The son, a young man of about seventeen years, was walking some paces ahead of the father, mother, and some younger children. Suddenly the sharp crack of a gun or pistol rang out upon the stillness of the Sabbath air. With gloomy foreboding in his heart Senator CASE hastened forward, found his child weltering in gore, and had but time to take the prostrate form in his arms when the poor young victim gasped and died. From that hour Senator CASE felt that his own fate was sealed.

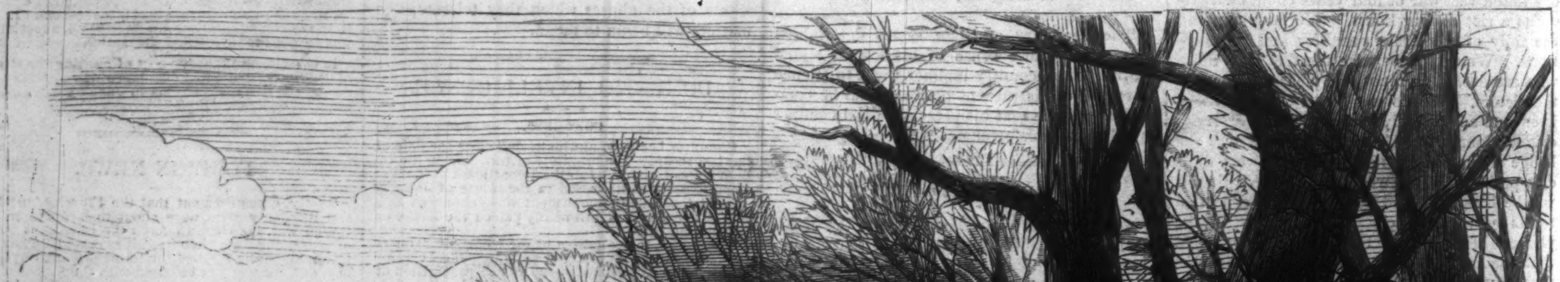
He was not destined, however, to be the next victim. On Friday, January 10, while Deputy-Sheriff HINMAN was transferring to jail a colored prisoner who had been indicted by the Grand Jury, the pair were joined by FARRIS, and all three rode along together, FARRIS and KINMAN talking on the most amicable terms. Arriving on the public square of the county seat, the town of Troy, KINMAN was in the act of dismounting, when FARRIS suddenly drew a revolver, and deliberately shot him through the head, inflicting a fatal wound. The scoundrel, not content with this, ineffectually snapped his revolver four times more, and, then turning his horse's head, rode rapidly away. There had never been any private difficulty between them; but Mr. KINMAN's well known loyalty was sufficient cause for enmity on the part of FARRIS.

THE LATE SENATOR ALMON CASE, OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOT. BY C. C. GIBBS.]

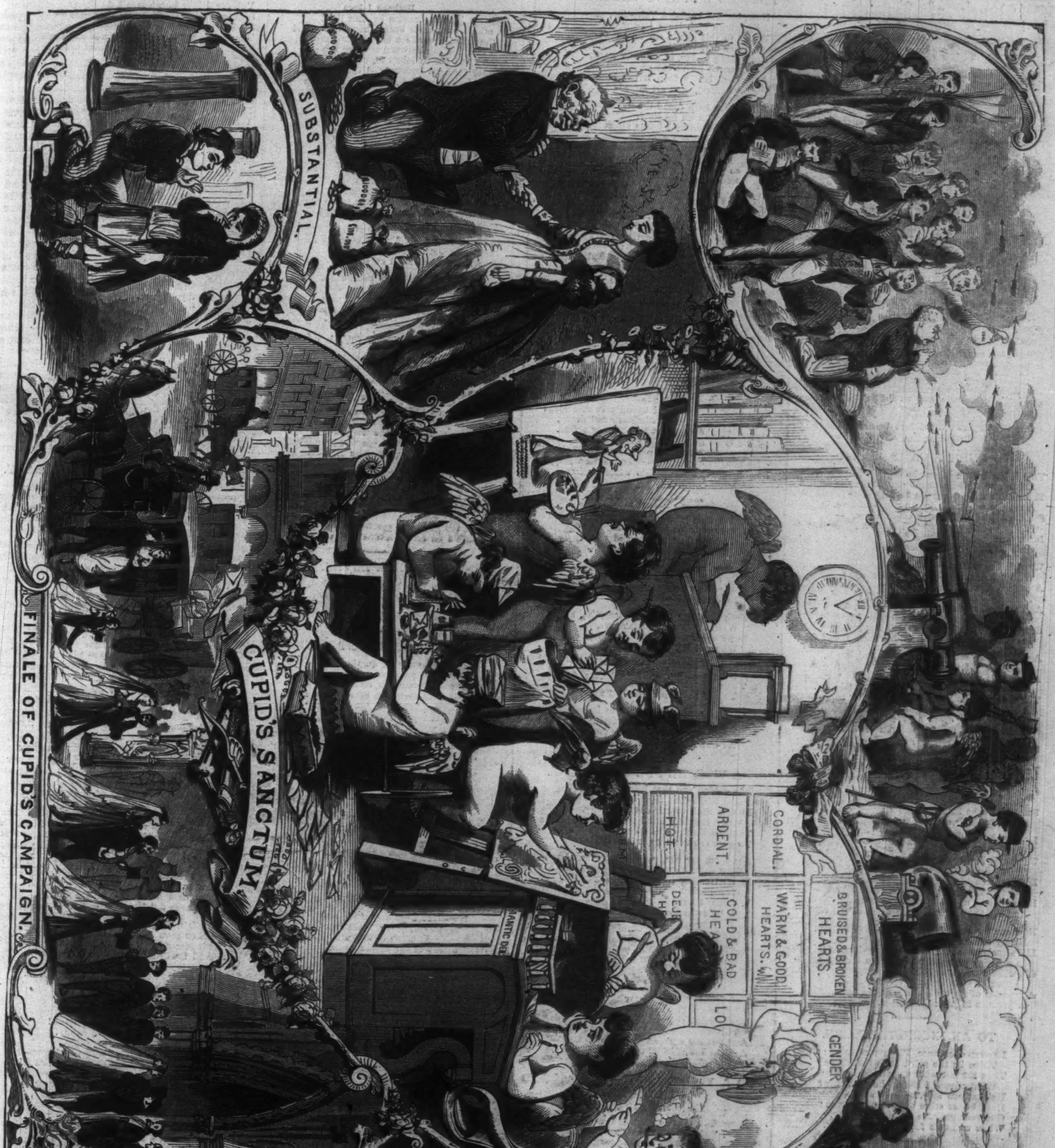
The murderer's hand was now fairly in for the day. The tiger-thirst for blood was aroused. FARRIS went immediately to the house of Senator CASE, who lived not far away. Arrived there, he inquired of the Senator's wife if he was at home. She answered that he was at a neighbor's near by. FARRIS started for the place designated, met CASE returning home, put on a devilish smile as he accosted him, and even shook hands with his unsuspecting victim. The latter kindly invited him to go back, partake of the hospitalities of his house, and remain all night. The fiend said he would do so, turned and rode back with the guileless Senator until near his home. Suddenly three men appeared on the road, coming as if to meet them. This seemed to be the preconcerted signal of death. FARRIS drew a pistol from his pocket, seized his victim by the collar, placed the muzzle almost against his head, and coolly blew out his brains. This horrid deed achieved, he hastily rode off through the woods.

On the succeeding day, while Deputy-Sheriff GREEN was engaged in conversation with a friend, about twelve miles distant from the scene of CASE's assassination, FARRIS rode up, and taking deliberate aim, shot GREEN through the heart. He expired in a few moments. The triple murderer, in the mean time, put spurs to his horse, sped away, and has not been heard from since.

We publish herewith an illustration of the murder of Senator CASE and also his portrait. He was a native of Ohio, but had been a resident of Tennessee from his early youth. Being a steadfast Union man, he was driven out of West Tennessee while it was in rebel hands. When the State was recovered by our arms, Mr. CASE was one of those who saw the necessity of placing it in loyal hands. He himself was a member of the Constitutional Convention which assembled in February of 1865, and attracted attention at that time by his modest devotion to principle, and by his unyielding, though unassuming, patriotism. Subsequently he was chosen a member of the upper branch of the Tennessee Legislature, acquiring from the first the love of those with whom he was associated politically, and winning even from the opposite party respect and esteem. In the Legislature he was known as a Radical, although one of the few in the Senate who was disposed to extend the ballot to rebels and colored men alike. He had often befriended FARRIS, his murderer, and was mild and unoffending in his intercourse with all.



MURDER OF SENATOR CASE, OF TENNESSEE, BY A RETURNED REBEL GUERRILLA.



FINALE OF CUPID'S CAMPAIGN.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1867.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

A Bunch of Valentines.

St. Valentine's Day.

Valentine's Day! Valentine's Day!
How shall my feeble pen essay
Of thy love-burdened glories to tell!
Season of smiles—season of tears—
Season of hopes—season of fears—
Season of murmuring, kissing, and sighing;
Of whispering soft nothings: of pining and dying;
Of vows of true constancy breathed o'er and o'er;
Season of loud double-knocks at the door,
And limitless rings at the bell.
Valentine's Day! all hail! all hail!
Long may thy power o'er mortals prevail!
Valentine's Day! Valentine's Day!
Cupid's own holiday! Valentine's Day!

CUPID'S CAMPAIGN.

This is the month when the blithe birds mate,
Robin and skylark, linnet and dove;
The month when the good St. Valentine
A martyr was made in the cause of love.
See Cupid's sanctum, with Cupid there,
Busily working with pencil and pen,
Look on the picture, ladies fair,
Gaze on it, all you gentlemen!

What is he writing, the little god
With the dreamy look in his poet-eye?
A sonnet, maybe, for one in love,
Tender, no doubt, as a lover's sigh;
And that other Cupid, with pen in hand,
Seated next him there in his place?
Something brimming with fun I know
From the comical smile on his little round face.

And there are artists, with pallet and brush,
Droll young fellows, as you may guess;
And others sealing the envelopes,
And writing on each the name and address.
There, too, is the postman, holding the bag,
A Mercury, rapid of flight is he;
While another is dropping the letters in;
Is there any, I wonder, for you or me?

See Cupid a soldier, training his guns;
Be cautious, all you susceptible hearts,
Lest you in turn, like the rest of mankind,
Be struck by one of his dangerous darts.
Swift and sure is the young god's aim,
See his arrows fly through the air
Straight to the hearts of the sterner sex,
Straight to those of the gentle fair.

Love is something hard to resist,
But gold is harder sometimes to withstand;
The heart is a treasure much to be prized,
But does not always go with the hand;
Love is born of a thousand things,
Sometimes a word, and sometimes a look—
It lives alike in the boot-black's breast,
And lights its flame in the heart of the cook.

Now see the end of young Cupid's campaign,
Happy ending of what is best:
Life's goal seems reached when, Love's courtship o'er,
In a happy union two hearts are blest.
Oh, what a tale the blithe bells tell,
Pealing so sweetly upon the air,
A promise of hope for the years to come,
A promise of joy to the bridal pair!

TO AN INCONSTANT ONE.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before;
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God sent me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

UNDER "THE SAINT'S" FAVOR.

Ah me! how soon the seasons wear!
I marked, dear wife, as you sat last night
Beneath the Argand's chastened light,
A glint of silver in your hair.

Do you remember, Heart of mine,
How, by the Lovers' Saint made bold,
I sent you, on a day of old,
A tinsel, tinted Valentine?

A tawdry rag! and yet, I vow,
I thought my verses fairly sped!
Do you remember how they read?
What, Sweet! you've kept the trash till now?

But what a metamorphosis!
This yellow, faded, shriveled thing
My Valentine? And could I sing
In such a sickly strain as this?

Nay, keep it, darling, if you will;
Yet not unmated; for I write
Another Valentine to-night,
Under the Saint's fair favor still.

Thus runs it, darling: "I have paid
Light tribute to the usurer Time:
The hue hath faded from my rhyme,
But its fresh passion may not fade.

"Had we but chosen an olden way
To note our love-illumined days,
White stones within the classic vase
Had fallen still, surely, day by day.

"Though dim the gilded page you hold,
Time's art hath but refined the dross
From Life's alembic, and its loss
Reveals our love of proven gold."

BLESSED BE SAINT VALENTINE.

Now, blessed be Saint Valentine,
By whose high leave I pour
Words in this gentle ear of thine
I never dared before!
Each thing to-day, in glade or nook,
May name its Valentine.
I read out boldly from Love's book,
And, dearest, thou art mine!

The breeze hath found the wall-flower out,
And feedeth on its sigh;
The hunter bee now hunts about
The violet's deep blue eye.
Escaping from its icy chain
The river runneth free;
And so my heart flings off its pain,
And cometh straight to thee!

A blessing on Saint Valentine!
He is a good old saint,
And maketh [illegible] to speak to thine
My soul [illegible] was so faint.
And then he [illegible] a spirit, sweet!
More loving than his own;
His task to lead Love's pilgrim feet
To Hymen's altar throne.
So blessings on St. Valentine,
I am his worshiper and thine.

LOVE.

Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humor of the eye;
Not being but an outward fantasy
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer, and so be
Among the perishable things that die.
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay,
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its boughs own no December and no May,
But bears its blossoms into winter's clime.

THE RESOLVE.

I pray thee let my heart alone,
Since now 'tis raised above thee;
Not all the beauty thou didst own
Again can make me love thee.

He that was shipwrecked once before
By such a siren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall.

Each flutt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
Which thou in vain bestows,
Some other lover might beguile,
Who not thy falsehood knows.

But I am proof against all art:
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her that hath betrayed me.

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move
As now thou sufferest mine.

A WORSHIPFUL VALENTINE.

The golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In vain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall:
There is no force in all his light
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summer-tide,
Hast given me light and power to see,
With perfect skill my sight to guide,
Till now I lived as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauty's grace,
Yet deem'd it naught but poet's skill;
I gazed on many a lovely face,
Yet found I none to bend my will:
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind;
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find:
And yet the dames that shine so bright
Are but the shadow of thy light.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO TALKED TOO MUCH.

While raptur'd on your charms I gaze,
You talk so loud and long,
I find you angel in your face,
But woman in your tongue.

When taken captive by your eyes,
What pains I might endure!
But happily your tongue supplies
To beauty's wounds a cure.

If lovers, then, you would pursue,
Ah! learn your power to prize,
Nor by your idle tongue undo
The conquest of your eyes.

I DIE, DEAR LIFE!

I die, dear life! unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers,
Or there be silver-drops in Iris' showers,
Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven;
And if displeas'd ye of the match remain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouched by art?
I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

PERHAPS I LOVE.

Perhaps I love
To visit my heart's treasure by that light
When misers seek their buried hoards; to steal
Upon the loved one like a mermaid's song,
Unseen and floating between sea and sky;
To creep upon her in love's loneliest hour,
Not in her daylight beauty with the glare
Of the bright sun around her; but thus pure
And white and delicate, under the cool moon,
Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love
To think of thee, thou dear one! thus with flowers
About thee, and fresh air, and such a light,
And such a stillness; thus I dream of thee.

THE CHARM.

Wind the spell, bind the spell;
What is in it? Fond farewell!
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it in the maiden's soul!
Suns may set and years may roll;
Yet beneath the tender twine
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
But the spell's as strong as deep!
Anguish, distance, time are vain—
Death alone can loose the chain.

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

Cupid, if storying legends tell aright,
Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight—
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these, the magic dews which evening brings,
Brush'd from the Idalian star by fairy wings,
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dream, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs,
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamor'd dove
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.
The finish'd work might envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.
With half the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And breath'd on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

THE TRUE LOVER.

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

FROM A PERSISTENT LOVER.

What! bid me seek another fair
In untried paths of female wiles?
And posies weave of other hair,
And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah no! my dying lips shall close,
Unaltered love, as faith, professing;
Nor, praising Him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing.
My last address to Heaven is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

THE SCORNFUL REPLY.

Burn or freeze at thine own pleasure,
Thou art free to love or no;
'Tis as little loss as treasure,
Whether thou art friend or foe.
Lover false and unadvised,
Who to threaten are so vain,
Light thy love I ever prized,
And less value thy disdain.
If to love 'twas ever bootless,
And neglected was thy smart,
The disdains will be as fruitless,
Of thy fickle, hollow heart.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

Tell me you love me; I know it full well,
Though of truths so delightful one can't be too sure;
Doubts will arise that a breath may dispel,
Fears that alone such avowals can cure.
When were those syllables murmured in vain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though often before
You have told me the tale I now bid you repeat:
Outpourings like these from the lips we adore
In their fond iteration grow daily more sweet;
Why from the tender confession refrain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though bent to deceive:
Such delusion were dearer than everyday truth,
We in time learn to look on and cherish as sooth.
Repeat those sweet words, though their fondness you feign,
And tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me; no skeptic am I,
Who would question the faith of the heart of his choice;
When did Falsehood look forth from so truthful an eye,
Or Deception assume less untrustful a voice?
'Twere treason to doubt thee, so welcome my chain!
But tell me you love me again and again.

LET EACH MAN CHOOSE HIS MADAM.

Since Valentine, that saint benign
To all the sons of Adam,
Did leave this day, as who should say
Let each man choose his madam;

Then blame who can, since I'm the man,
As much as is my daddy,
If I pursue and wish for you
More than for other lady.

You are my right, for yesternight,
With scrips of paper rolled,
I drew your name, and made my flame
Too high to be controlled.

Now every night your image bright
A moment leaves me never;
Oh, that it would be still so good,
With joy I'd sleep for ever!

Grant then, dear miss, some hope of bliss,
If I deserve your notice;
If not, be free, and let me see,
My chance not worth a groat is.

SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it!
Small gifts find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound:
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below;
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

GIVE ME BUT THY LOVE.

Give me but thy love, and I
Envy none beneath the sky!
Pains and perils I defy,
If thy presence cheer me.

Give me but thy love, my sweet!
Joy shall bless us when we meet;
Pleasures come, and cares retreat,
When thou smilest near me.

Happy 'twere, beloved one,
When the toils of day are done,
Ever with the set of sun
To thy fond arms retiring—

There to feel and there to know
A balm that baffles every woe,
While hearts that beat and eyes that glow
Are sweetest thoughts inspiring.

What are all the joys of earth?
What are revelry and mirth?
Vacant blessings—nothing worth
To hearts that ever knew love.

What is all the pomp of state,
What the grandeur of the great,
To the raptures that await
On the path of true love?

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY.

As a lass loves to be trim,
As a lawyer loves to sign,
As a duck in ponds to swim,
So I love my Valentine.

As the master loves to teach,
As the dandy to be fine,
As the Methodist to preach,
So I love my Valentine.

As the miser loves his pelf,
As the glutton loves to dine,
As Narcissus loved himself,
So I love my Valentine.

As the Jew loves cent. per cent.,
As the bard in fame to shine,
As the landlord loves his rent,
So I love my Valentine.

TO A FLIRT.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could breathe had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
Which kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning-rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells;
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With sere flowers to be thrown aside;
And I will sigh when some will smile
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

JANE.

Oh cruel, but bewitching Jane!
I'll never trust a maid again!
I had a house not long ago,
A house to let—as well you know—
Well-built, well-ordered, furnished fair,
And open to the sunny air.
But you, sweet thief, one summer day,
Went by, marauding on your way,
And found, without a bolt or bar,
The windows up, the door ajar;
And entering, as it were your own,
Kindled a fire, and sat you down;
And there remained, in spite of me,
The lawful owner of the fee,
As if 'twere clear beyond a doubt
That law must fail to turn you out.
Dishonest Jane! to act such part!
But take the house—oh, take my heart!
I'll make the roguish tenant mine,
And seize for rent—by Valentine!

READING THE VALENTINE.

Ah, Amy darling! those exquisite blushes,
Masking the face in such fairy-like guise,
As the pink cheek so rapidly rosily flushes,
And the light gleams in those radiant eyes,
Tell me more surely than words could convey,
This is the morning of Valentine's Day!

Clasping so lightly, with daintiest fingers,
Lace-broidered pages with letters of gold,
Where the dim violet scent fragrantly lingers,
Reading words ever young, yet ever old;
Thus 'tis I see you in fancy, though miles
Numberless lie between me and your smiles.

Far, far away, I can see you so plainly,
Where by the window you musingly stand;
Far, far away, I can long—ah, how vainly!—
Once more to touch that soft tiny white hand,
Which holds the bright missive whose verses but say
The words which are greeting for Valentine's Day.

I am far from you; and yet I am nearer—
May I not say so?—than ever before.
Never yet, O my darling! I held you the dearer
Than now, as I call up the fancies of yore,
As I picture you reading, though far, far away,
The verses that typify Valentine's Day.

A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I HAVE plenty of dutiful vassals,
Have plenty of gold and to spare,
I have plenty of beautiful castles—
But my castles are built in the air;
And my vassals are all airy creatures,
From beautiful Dream-land are they,
They drive me to balls
And magnificent halls,
And tell me my coach stops the way:
But oh, what a pest,
When it comes to the test,
I am kept in a dreadful delay.
A plague on those wild little vassals,
You can't trust a word that they say,
And I've heard that my beautiful castles
Are sadly inclined to decay.

Father Wisdom advised me to sell them
To the public—a benefit clear—
And Fancy engaged so to tell them,
For Fancy's a fine auctioneer.
But the market by no means was lively,
For castles the call was but cold;
Lead and iron were brisk,
But gold none would risk
To invest on my battlements bold.
To my turrets, unlet,
I inhabit them yet,
And rather rejoice they're not sold,
And never a bit am down-hearted,
For my vassals still ply me with gold;
My castles and I sha'n't be parted
Till the heart of the owner be cold.

Again Father Wisdom address'd me—
He's a horrid old bore in his way;
He said rats and mice would infest me,
As crumbled my towers to decay.
"They never can crumble, good father,
They're lasting, when once they're begun;
Our castles of air
We can quickly repair,
As the home of the spider's respun."
So homeward I went
To my castles, content,
As the vesper-bell told day was done,
And they look'd just as lovely as ever,
As burnish'd they stood in the sun.
Oh, ne'er from my castles I'll sever
Till the sands of my glass shall be run!

LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

"I WON'T stay here another day—that's flat!" Such was the exclamation of my boyhood friend, and present business partner and room-mate, as he took up the dirty towel that had ornamented our mutual wash-stand for some days past, and flung it across the room. Joe Marshall and I had not been long residents of New York. We had come down from Wilton together, a short time before, to establish ourselves in business, and were getting on swimmingly therein. Although we had, as almost every body has, a number of acquaintances in the city, yet one seldom finds acquaintances useful when the boarding-house question comes up. We had consulted the advertisements in a morning paper when we had sought a boarding-place, and had finally taken up our abode at Mrs. M'Blank's—a fine-looking house with a brown-stone front, where we had a large double-bedded room for which we jointly paid twenty-eight dollars a week. There was an elegant parlor at Mrs. M'Blank's, with a fine piano, luxuriant sofas and gilded mirrors, and the table was well provided; but there was no homelikeness about the premises, and there was an absence of that cleanliness which is next to godliness, that contrasted most unpleasantly with the humble but neat surroundings of our old homes in Wilton. Every day we felt more and more dissatisfaction with the place, and at last discontent culminated, on Joe's part, in the above exclamation.

"Where'll you go?" I asked.

"I'll go to a hotel or to a private house, one or the other," said Joe. "These epicene boarding-houses, that are neither one thing nor the other, are detestable. I'm sick of it."

"You're homesick," said I.

"Well I may be. But I tell you what, Bob, I'll find a home somewhere."

"A thing that is easier said than done."

Boarding-houses there are in plenty, of course, and no doubt excellent ones, so far as they fill the place merely of eating-and sleeping institutions. But who looks for a home-circle in one of them? Joe did; and he declared that he would spend the remainder of his existence on this mundane sphere—or that part of it, at least, that should find him doing business in New York—in migrating from boarding-place to boarding-place in search of a *home*, a place where he could sit down of an evening in the family-room in his slippers, and read the evening papers in peace; a place where he could play with the children on a Sunday, and feel himself a member of the family.

"Perfectly Quixotic," said I. "Your only way, my boy, is to get married, and set up a home for yourself."

"Never!" said Joe, giving me a reproachful look.

I knew what that meant. There was a passage in Joe's history which was seldom or never referred to by either of us, but of which I well knew the story. When Joe was at college he had flirted with a certain pretty girl in the college town, as young students do mostly flirt, merely for pastime. Jennie Warren was a charming girl, daughter of the Baptist minister; and when Joe left college, hers was the last sweet face that he remembered, as she looked from a window of her father's house and waved her hand to him as the stage rolled by. That he should ever think of her again Joe had not the remotest idea. But who knows at what door love will enter? Joe had not been at home long before he discovered that Jennie Warren filled by far too large a place in his thoughts. He was, in a word, deeply in love, and he made me the confidant of his passion. Though I had never seen the lady, of course—for I had not been a student with Joe—yet so glowing were his frequent panegyrics that I grew to imagine her as beautiful as a houri and as fascinating as a mermaid. One day, however, Joe brought me a letter, and, with a melancholy face, asked me to read it. It was from Jennie Warren, and, couched in the most formal terms of conventionalism, informed him of her approaching nuptials with some man whose name I never recalled again.

"One of the heartless, eh?" said I.

"I don't know about that," said Joe, in a doubtful tone. "I had no claim on her—not the least in the world. I never showed her I really loved her. In fact, Bob, I didn't know myself that I cared so much for her until I had left the old town behind me forever. To tell the whole truth, it is only now that I realize fully how much I loved her—now that I have lost her. Dear girl! I would give half my life, if that could be, but to recall the opportunities that are now lost to me forever. Good-by to all thoughts of married life now!"

"Poh!" said I; "you'll get over it. A first fancy."

"No," said Joe, solemnly; not a first fancy—nor a tenth; not a fancy at all. But let it pass, Bob. There's no use crying over spilled milk. One man in a thousand marries the wife Providence designed for him. Clearly I'm one of the outer thousand. There is no woman on earth for me but her."

Perhaps I have employed an undue share of words in relating this little episode in Joe's career; but the truth is, I wanted to show you how firm a hold this thing had had on him, and how confident he was, poor fellow, that he could never love again. There are so many men who think that way after their first disappointment, and then, as Joe did—

However, we must not anticipate.

How many places we boarded at in the course of the next two or three months I should be afraid to tell. Never was a man more set in his purpose than was Joe Marshall. When the spring came, one week found us at a boarding-house in Brooklyn. It was no better than all the rest. Advertised as a "private family," we found at the table no less than seven boarders besides ourselves; the landlady a childless widow; the married boarders without children. Children are forbidden fruit in boarding-houses. They conflict with the regulations.

In going to our place of business that week, *via* Fulton Ferry, we had occasion to walk through some of the pleasant streets on the Heights, and in the window of one of the houses in our way we one morning observed a "love of a baby," about four years old, with delightful golden curls, and as sweet as a daisy. Joe, whose love for pretty children was a perfect passion, called my attention to this pretty boy with an exclamation of delight.

"Bless the little fellow!" he cried; "how I'd like to take him on my knee!"

"Ah, my boy!" said I, "you were certainly cut out for a married man. This deep love of children was not put into you for nothing. I see your fate in the future. It's impossible you should live to be an old bachelor."

Joe sighed.

"I wonder," said he, "if a man is ever happy who marries a woman without really loving her—feels a friendly regard, you know, and that sort of thing. I suppose a man might fill his heart with his children as he grew old, mightn't he?"

"Perhaps so," said I.

On the following morning we looked for the pretty boy again, but he was not there; and the next day being Sunday we did not have occasion to pass the house. Monday came—our flitting day.

"Which way will you go next?" I queried.

"I don't know," said Joe. "Perhaps we had better stay where we are another week. Fact is, I *am* getting disheartened, Bob, and I won't deny it."

Passing the house where the baby was we looked up at the windows as usual; there was no curly-head gazing out. But Joe took hold of my arm with an eager clutch.

"Hah! By George, Bob—what's that?"

I followed the direction of his gaze and perceived a delicately-written label on the door-post. Approaching nearer we read, in a feminine hand like copper-plate:

"A nice front-room to let with board."

Joe's hand was on the bell-pull in a twinkling. The servant-girl came.

"Can I see the room that is to let?"

"Yes, Sir."

She led the way directly up stairs, and ushered us into a pleasant chamber looking out upon the street. It was a gem of a room. There were two windows, with drooping muslin curtains, white and fresh; the walls were hung with light-hued, cheerful paper; the bed in the corner was as immaculate as snow and looked delicious. There was a book-case with a pleasant display of books within its glass-doors, and with a desk and a set of drawers below. Neatness, perfect, irreproachable, reigned in every nook and corner, and yet there was nothing cold or formal about the room; on the contrary it seemed as cozy as a birds-nest. Joe gave a gasp of profound satisfaction and looked at me with joy in his eyes.

"Put this and the baby together," said he, meaningly, "and what's the sum total—eh?"

"But with the rest of your puttings," said I, "where will you put me?"

There was but one bed in the room, and though it was a wide one Joe knew that I had an unconquerable aversion to a bed-fellow, owing to a fashion I had of sprawling at my utmost latitude when asleep.

"Is this the only room you have?" asked Joe.

"No, Sir," said the girl. "Here's a hall-bedroom off. It opens into this. They're both to let."

We looked at the hall-bedroom. It was perfection.

"What is the price?" asked Joe.

"I don't know, Sir. The missis is out."

"No matter. We'll take the two rooms. Settle the rent afterward. We'll come to-night."

The girl nodded.

"You understand now," continued Joe. "The rooms are let. Here's our business-card, and here's ten dollars deposit to secure them. Expect us this evening."

Joe was as merry-hearted that day as if he has never known a care.

"I'm sure we have found exactly the right place, Bob," he declared. "I don't know why, precisely, but I feel as if we were fixed at last. I've a strange sort of confidence—a presentiment, eh?—that we have *got home*."

"Don't be too sanguine, though," said I. "The baby is very nice—and the rooms are certainly O. K.; but you haven't seen the baby's father and mother yet. He may be a disagreeable fellow, you know—and so may she. A bear of a man may have a pretty baby."

But nothing could dampen my partner's ardor. We left the store an hour before our usual time that afternoon, so eager was Joe to get to Brooklyn. As we passed through Fulton Market, among the hundreds of other figures in that thronged resort was one of a little woman who stood at a flower-stand.

"Don't ye want somethin' more, ma'am?" asked the flower-dealer.

"Yes," responded a voice whose tones fell on the ear like music, "I want all you have, but I can't have them," with a little laugh.

Joe stopped and turned around to look at the little woman. Then he stepped up to her with an eager gaze, and held out his hand. She took it hesitatingly, not seeming to recognize the bearded fellow at once. Then she said, as a beautiful light broke over her face:

"Joseph Marshall!"

"Who would have thought of meeting you here?" said Joe. "I thought you lived in Iowa."

"No," said she; "we left Iowa long ago. I live in Brooklyn now."

Here the flower-dealer, who had been wrapping a paper around a pot, put it in the little woman's hands. She already had one on her arm.

"Let me carry them for you," said Joe, politely. "We are going to Brooklyn. Bob!" he called to me, as I stood a little apart.

I approached.

"This is my friend Mr. Burton, Mrs. Granger," said Joe. "Mrs. Granger is an old acquaintance of mine," he explained. "Here, take this pot," and he gave me one, keeping the other himself; and so we moved off.

On the ferry-boat, as Joe and Mrs. Granger sat conversing with the eagerness of old acquaintances who have not met in years, I had leisure to survey the lady. She was the owner of a face whose expression was full of sweetness, full of soul. She would not have been called a beautiful woman by most men; but the face was so kind, so gentle, and so true that it could not fail to awaken the admiration of such men as most love womanliness in woman. I liked it thoroughly. When we arrived on the other side Joe remarked to me:

"Mrs. Granger lives in Pineapple Street, right in our way, and I tell her we'll carry the pots to her door."

But when we arrived at her door, behold! it was the identical house where we had agreed to come in the evening to take lodgings, and the baby boy was looking out of the window and clapping his hands at sight of his mamma.

"You will call and see us soon, I hope, Mr. Marshall," said Mrs. Granger, as she took the pots, "and your friend."

Joe was dumb. He surrendered his pot as if he were in doubts whether it was her property or his, and stood gazing after the little woman, as she tripped into the house, with a most remarkable air.

"Well, of all the coincidences that ever I heard of!" he began, as we turned away.

"Capital!" cried I. "Your presentiment had a foundation indeed. You'll be quite at home with your old friends. By-the-way, who is Granger? What's he in?"

"I don't know," said Joe, musingly. "I never spoke ten words with him. I believe he speculated in grain out West. What he does here I can't say. I—in fact, Bob, I'm in doubts whether to go there to board after all. Mrs. Granger is certainly a—a very nice sort of woman, but her husband is—fact is, I never did like him much, and perhaps— By George! I don't know what to think of it at all."

"But how does it happen that Mrs. Granger didn't know it was you who had engaged her rooms? We left our card, you know, this morning."

"Oh, that's simple enough. She has been absent from home all day—been over into New Jersey, on business I believe she said."

"What business would a woman have to keep her out all day?"

"There, don't ask me. I don't know. I didn't inquire. We were talking about old friends all the way over. See here, Bob! We *will* have to back out of this!"

I was amazed.

"Back out? What for?"

"Just so," said Joe. "*Don't* ask explanations. It's enough that I don't like Granger, and I can't sit at his table—no, not even for his baby's sake."

It sounded half as if he meant to have said, "For his wife's sake," but I didn't mention it.

"You go round there after dinner and tell them we have changed our minds," said he.

I tried to talk him out of it, but without success. On my own part I felt no little regret at the prospect of letting those pleasant rooms go. But I might as well have talked to the winds. Joe could be as obstinate as a mule when he chose. After dinner I went around to the house accordingly. Mrs. Granger herself met me at the door.

"Such a surprise!" she cried, in a cheerful tone, her face all enthusiasm. "I found your card here when I came in. But where is Mr. Marshall?"

"The truth is, Madam," said I, stammering painfully, and heartily wishing myself well out of it," my friend has changed his mind about taking the rooms."

"Changed his mind?"

She seemed about to ask the reason, but checked herself immediately, and asked me to be seated in the parlor a moment, where she left me, but quickly returned with a ten-dollar bill in her hand.

"Here is the money you left with my servant," she said, handing it to me.

"But that is forfeited to you," said I, declining to receive it. "It was a deposit."

"I do not wish to keep it," said she. "You will oblige me, Sir, if you will take it."

Her tone was imperative despite its sweetness. I twisted the bill around my finger, feeling excessively uncomfortable. I ached to be able to offer some apology; but what could I say? I could not tell the lady that it was her husband who was objectionable to Joe. I fell back on the deposit as my only resource.

"In a mere business sense, Madam," said I, confusedly; "a deposit, you see— This bill is no more mine than—than the rest of the contents of your pocket-book. It is your indemnification. Your girl might have let the rooms to some else if we had not promised to take them. You—really—you don't consider the matter in a business way. Your husband, no doubt, would see the thing in a different light."

"My husband is dead, Sir," said Mrs. Granger, quietly, her eyes on the floor.

If ever a man was warranted in being covered all over with confusion like a hot bath, I certainly was at that remark. I immediately arose, stuffed the bank-note into my pocket, and saying:

"Well, if you positively decline it—"

"I do," said she.

I took my hat and left the house. I left it behind me, too, very quickly on regaining the street. I burst into our room at the boarding-house in Henry Street and found Joe quietly smoking his meerschaum in his shirt-sleeves, and reading a magazine. I made a wad of the bill and threw it at his head.

"What's that for?" said he, looking up.

"With the widow's compliments," I returned.

"What?"

Then I told him the whole story in a few words. Joe flung the magazine across the room and got up and put on his coat.

"Where are you going?"

"Pack up those duds again," said he, nodding his head at the sachel which contained the small amount of baggage we had allowed ourselves in the flitting life we had lately led. "I'll be back in ten minutes."

He didn't come back in an hour; and when he did his face was just transfigured with joy.

"Go down and settle with Mrs. Whatshername," said he, "and then come on."

"Where?"

"Where the baby is!" he shouted.

Later in the evening, as we were seated in our new quarters, I said:

"Now tell me how you explained that matter to the widow. It looks to me as if it must have been a mighty delicate piece of work."

Joe turned to me with his face wreathed in good-nature.

"Bob," said he, putting his two hands on my shoulders and looking me right in the eyes, "bless your stupid old heart!—haven't you such a thing as a suspicion about you any where?"

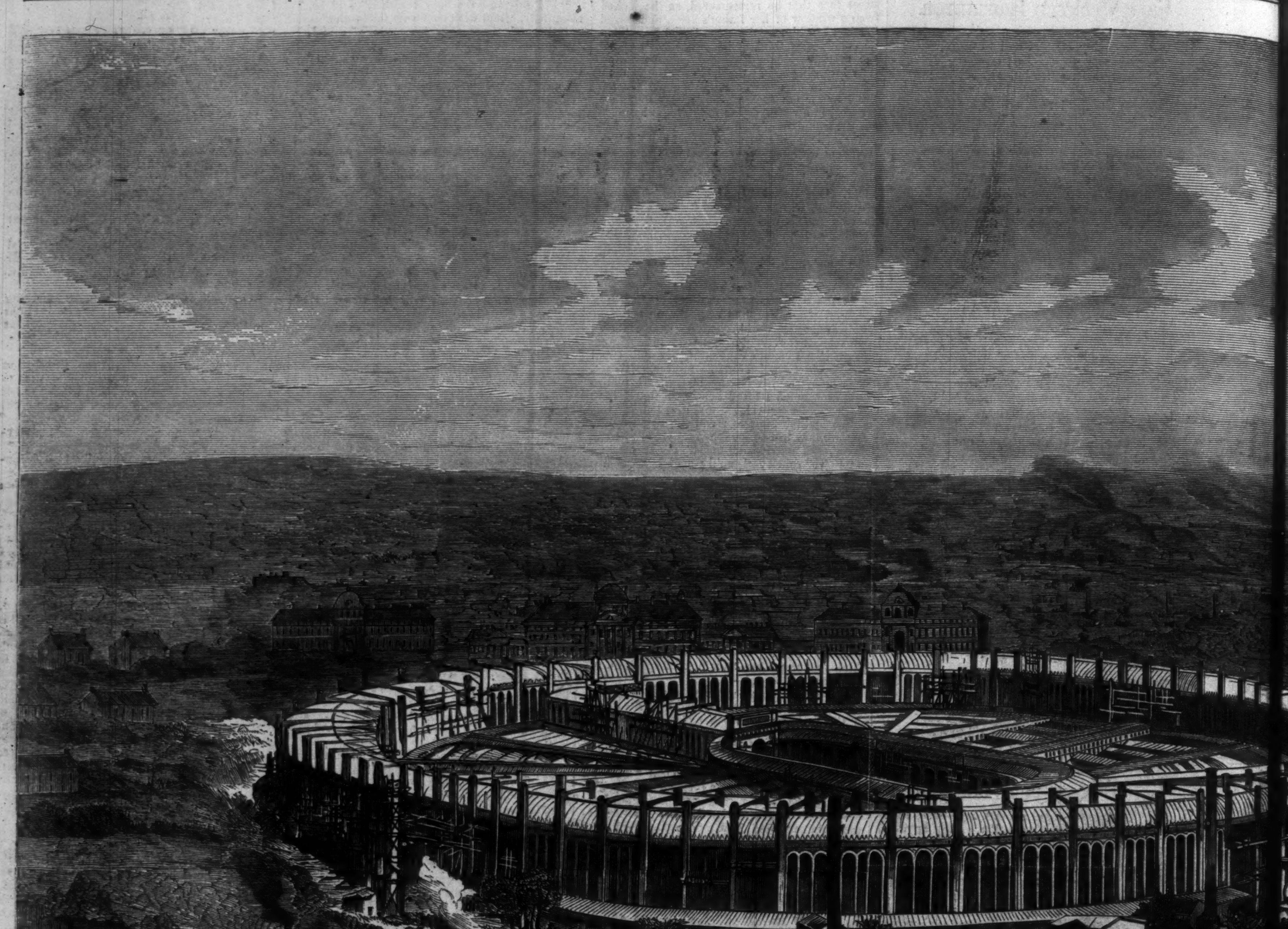
"Suspicion?" quoth I.

"Who do you suppose this Mrs. Granger is? Now stop to think."

"Why, I suppose," said I, deliberately, "that she is the late Mr. Granger's widow."

"And her first name," said Joe, "is Jennie."

The whole thing burst upon me like a flash, though I dare say the reader has seen through it all along. Granger had turned out to be a worthless fellow. He had neglected his wife, and had finally left her. Mrs. Granger had continued to reside in Brooklyn, living upon a small property left her by her father. A few weeks ago she had found that it would be necessary to receive two or three boarders into her house in order to eke out her slender income. Her husband had died two years ago in Chicago. I board at Joe's home at present. He has been married three years, and has got a baby of his own to keep the other curly-head company. The once-important boarding-house question has lost all interest to us. I am a fixture of the family, and am beginning to suspect I shall be an old bachelor shortly. I am rather fond of babies myself. Mrs. Granger has a very agreeable young sister living with her just at present. She has been with us something like a month. She is really a superior girl, in some respects, and just five years my junior. But, never mind!



THE FRENCH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION—VIEW OF THE PALACE AND C

D CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS, AS THEY NOW APPEAR.—[See Page 108.]

[Continued from No. 526.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book III.—Reaping up Riches.

CHAPTER III.

GEORGE SHELDON'S PROSPECTS.

For George Sheldon the passing years had brought very little improvement of fortune. He occupied his old dingy chambers in Gray's Inn, which had grown more dingy under the hand of Time; and he was wont to sit in his second-floor window on sultry summer Sundays, smoking his solitary cigar, and listening to the cawing of the rooks in the gardens beneath him, mingled with the voices of rebellious children, and shrill mothers threatening to "do for them," or to "flay them alive," in Somebody's Rents below. The lawyer used to be quite meditative on those Sunday afternoons, and would wonder what sort of a fellow Lord Bacon was, and how he contrived to get into a mess about taking bribes, when so many other fellows had done it quietly enough before the Lord of Verulam's day, and even yet more quietly since; agreeably instigated thereto by the pleasant casuistry of Escobar. Mr. Sheldon's prospects were by no means promising. From afar off he beheld his brother's star shining steadily in the commercial firmament; but except for an occasional dinner, he was very little the better for the stock-broker's existence. He had reminded his brother very often, and very persistently, of that vague promise which the dentist had made in the hour of his adversity—the promise to help his brother if he ever did "drop into a good thing." But as it is difficult to prevent a man who is disposed to shuffle from shuffling out of the closest agreement that was ever made between Jones of the one part, and Smith of the other part, duly signed and witnessed and stamped with the sixpenny seal of infallibility; so is it still more difficult to obtain the performance of loosely-worded promises, uttered in the confidential intercourse of kinsmen.

In the first year of his married life Philip Sheldon gave his brother a hundred pounds for the carrying out of some grand scheme which the lawyer was then engaged in, and which, if successful, would secure for him a much larger fortune than Georgy's thousands. Unhappily the grand scheme was a failure; and the hundred pounds being gone, George applied again to his brother, reminding him once more of that promise made in Bloomsbury. But on this occasion Mr. Sheldon plainly told his kinsman that he could do no more for him.

"You must fight your own battle, George," he said, "as I have fought mine."

"Thank you, Philip," said the younger brother; "I would rather fight it any other way."

And then the two men looked at each other, as they were in the habit of doing sometimes, with a singularly intent gaze.

"You're very close-fisted with Tom Halliday's money," George said, presently. "If I'd asked poor old Tom himself I'm sure he wouldn't have refused to lend me two or three hundred."

"Then it's a pity you didn't ask him," Mr. Sheldon answered, with supreme coolness.

"I should have done so, fast enough, if I had thought he was going to die so suddenly. It was a bad day for me, and for him too, when he came to Fitzgeorge Street."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Sheldon, sharply.

"You can pretty well guess my meaning, I should think," George answered, in a sulky tone.

"No, I can't; and what's more, I don't mean to try. I'll tell you what it is, Master George, you've been treating me to a good many hints and innuendoes lately; and you must know very little of me if you don't know that I'm the last kind of man to stand that sort of thing from you or from any one else. You have tried to take the tone of a man who has some kind of hold upon another. You had better understand at once that such a tone won't answer with me. If you had any hold upon me, or any power over me, you'd be quick enough to use it; and you ought to be aware that I know that, and can see to the bottom of such a shallow little game as yours."

Mr. Sheldon the younger looked at his brother with an expression of surprise that was not entirely unmingled with admiration.

"Well, you *are* a cool hand, Phil!" he said.

Here the conversation ended. The two brothers were very good friends after this, and George presented himself at the Gothic villa whenever he received an invitation to dine there. The dinners were good, and the men who ate them were men of solidity and standing in the commercial world; and George was very glad to eat good dinners, and to meet eligible men; but he never again asked his brother for the loan of odd hundreds.

He grubbed on, as best he might, in the dingy Gray's Inn chambers. He had a little business—business which lay chiefly among men who wanted to borrow money, or whose halting footsteps required guidance through the quagmire of the Bankruptcy Court. He just contrived to keep his head above water, and his name in the Law-list, by means of such business; but the great scheme of his life remained as yet unripened, an undeveloped shadow to which he had in vain attempted to give a substance.

The leading idea of George Sheldon's life was the idea that there were great fortunes in the world waiting for claimants; and that a share of some such fortune was to be obtained by any man who had the talent to dig it out of the obscurity in which it was hidden. He was a student of old county histories, and a searcher of old newspapers, and his studies in that line had made him familiar with many strange stories—stories of field-laborers called away from the plow to be told they were the rightful owners of forty thousand a year; stories of old white-haired men starving to death in miserable garrets about Bethnal Green or Spitalfields, who could have claimed lands and riches immeasurable had they known how to claim them; stories of half-crazy old women, who had wandered about the world with reticules of discolored papers, clamorously asserting their rights and wrongs unheeded and unbelieved, until they encountered sharp-witted lawyers who took up their claims, and carried them triumphantly into the ownership of illimitable wealth.

George Sheldon had read of these things until it had seemed to him that there must be some such chance for any man who would have patience to watch and wait for it. He had taken up several cases, and had fitted link after link together with extreme labor, and had hunted in parish registers until the cold mouldy atmosphere of vestries was as familiar to him as the air of Gray's Inn. But the cases had all broken down at more or less advanced stages; and after infinite patience and trouble, a good deal of money spent upon traveling and small fees to all manner of small people, and an incalculable number of hours wasted in listening to the rambling discourse of parish-clerks and oldest inhabitants, Mr. Sheldon had been compelled to abandon his hopes time after time, until a man with less firmly-rooted ideas would have given up the hunting of registers and grubbing up of genealogies as a delusion and a snare.

George Sheldon's ideas were very firmly rooted, and he stuck to them with that dogged persistency which so often achieves great ends that it seems a kind of genius. He saw his brother's success, and contemplated the grandeurs of the Gothic villa in a cynical rather than an envious spirit. How long would it all last—how long would the stock-broker float triumphantly onward upon that wonderful tide which is constituted by the rise and fall of the money-market?

"That sort of thing is all very well while a man keeps his head cool and clear," thought George; "but somehow or other men always seem to lose their heads on the Stock Exchange before they have done with it, and I dare say my wise brother will drop into a nice mess sooner or later. Setting aside all other considerations, I think I would rather have my chances than his; for I speculate very little more than my time and trouble, and I stand in to win a bigger sum than he will ever get in his line, let stocks rise and fall as they may."

During that summer in which Miss Halliday bade farewell to Hyde Lodge and her school-days George Sheldon was occupied with the early steps in a search which he hoped would end in the discovery of a prize rich enough to reward him for all his wasted time and labor.

Very early in that year there had appeared the following brief notice in the *Observer*:

"The Rev. John Haygarth, late vicar of Tilford Haven, Norfolk, died lately, without a will, or relation to claim his property, £100,000. The Crown therefore claimed it. And last court-day the Prerogative Court of Canterbury decreed letters of administration to Mr. Paul, the nominee of the Crown."

Some months after this an advertisement had been inserted in the *Times* newspaper to the following effect:

"Next of Kin.—If the relatives or next of kin of the Rev. John Haygarth, late vicar of Tilford Haven, in the County of Norfolk, clerk, deceased, will apply, either personally or by letter, to Stephen Paul, Esq., solicitor for the affairs of her Majesty's Treasury, at the Treasury Chambers, Whitehall, London, they may hear of something to their advantage. The late Rev. John Haygarth is supposed to have been the son of John Haygarth, late of the parish of St. Judith, London, and Sarah his wife, formerly Sarah Copeland, spinster, late of Langford Court, Soho, in the County of Middlesex: both long since deceased."

Upon the strength of this advertisement George Sheldon began his search. His theory was, that there always existed an heir-at-law somewhere, if people would only have the patience to hunt him or her out; and he attributed his past failures rather to a want of endurance on his own part than to the breaking down of his pet theory.

On this occasion he began his work with more than usual determination.

"This is the biggest chance I've ever had," he said to himself, "and I should be something worse than a fool if I let it slip through my fingers."

The work was very dry and dreary, involving interminable hunting of registers and questioning of oldest inhabitants. And the oldest inhabitants were so stupid, and the records of the registers so bewildering. One after another Mr. Sheldon set himself to examine the lines of the intestate's kindred and ancestors: his father's brothers and sisters, his grandfather's brothers and sisters, and even to the brothers and sisters of his great-grandfather. At that point the Haygarth family melted away into the impenetrable darkness of the past. They were no high and haughty race of soldiers and scholars, churchmen and lawyers, or the tracing of them would have been a much easier matter. Burke would have told of them. There would have been old country houses filled with portraits, and garrulous old housekeepers learned in the traditions of the past. There would have been mouldering tombs and tarnished brasses in quiet country churches, with descriptive epitaphs, and many escutcheons. There would have been crumbling parchments recording the prowess of Sir Reginald, knight, or the learning of Sir Rupert, counselor and judge. The Haygarths were a race of provincial tradesmen; and had left no better record of their jog-trot journey through this world than the registry of births, marriages, and deaths, in obscure churches, or an occasional entry in the fly-leaf of a family Bible.

At present Mr. Sheldon was only at the beginning of his work. The father and grandfather and uncle and great-uncles, the great-grandfather and great-great-uncles, with all their progenies, lay before him in a maze of entanglement which it would be his business to unravel. And as he was obliged to keep his limited legal connection together, while he devoted himself to his task, the work promised to extend over months, or indeed years; and in the mean while there was always the fear that some one else, as quick-witted and indefatigable as himself, would take up the same tangled skein and succeed in the unravelment of it. Looking this fact full in the face, Mr. Sheldon decided that he must have an able and reliable coadjutor; but to find such a coadjutor, to find a man who would help him, on the chance of success, and not claim too large a share of the prize if success came, was more than the speculative attorney could hope. In the mean time his work progressed very slowly; and he was tormented by perpetual terror of that other sharp practitioner who might be following up the same clew, and whose agents might watch him in and out of parish churches, and listen at street-corners when he was hunting an oldest inhabitant.

CHAPTER IV.

DIANA FINDS A NEW HOME.

The holidays at Hyde Lodge brought at least repose for Diana Paget. The little ones had gone home, with the exception of two or three young colonists, and even they had perpetual liberty from lessons; so Diana had nothing to do but sit in the shady garden, reading or thinking, in the drowsy summer afternoons. Priscilla Paget had departed with the chief of the teachers for a sea-side holiday; other governesses had gone to their homes; and but for the presence of an elderly French woman, who slept through one half of the day, and wrote letters to her kindred during the other half, Diana would have been the only responsible person in the deserted habitation.

She did not complain of her loneliness, or envy the delights of those who had departed. She was very glad to be quite alone, free to think her own thoughts, free to brood over those unforgotten years in which she had wandered over the face of the earth with her father and Valentine Hawkehurst. The few elder girls remaining at the Lodge thought Miss Paget unsociable because she preferred a lonely corner in the gardens and some battered old book of namby-pamby stories to the delights of their society, and criticised her very severely as they walked listlessly to and fro upon the lawn with big garden-hats, and arms entwined about each other's waists.

Alas for Diana, the battered book was only an excuse for solitude, and for a morbid indulgence in her own sad thoughts! She had lived the life of unblemished respectability for a year; and looking back now at the Bohemian wanderings, she regretted those days of humiliation and misery, and sighed for the rare delights of that disreputable past! Yes, she had revolted against the degraded existence; and now she was sorry for having lost its uncertain pleasures, its fitful glimpses of sunshine. Was that true which Valentine had said, that no man can eat beef and mutton every day of his life; that it is better to be unutterably miserable one day and uproariously happy the next, than to tread one level path of dull content? Miss Paget began to think that there had been some reason in her old comrade's philosophy; for she found the level path very dreary. She let her thoughts wander whither they would in this quiet holiday idleness, and they went back to the years which she had spent with her father. She thought of winter evenings in London when Valentine had taken her the round of the theatres, and they had sat together in stifling upper boxes—she pleased, he critical, and with so much to say to each other in the pauses of the performance. How kind he had been to her; how good, how brotherly! And then the pleasant walk home, through crowded, noisy thoroughfares, and anon by long lines of quiet streets, in which they used to look up at the lighted windows of houses where parties were being given, and sometimes stop to listen to the music and watch the figures of the dancers flitting across the blinds. She thought of the journeys she had traveled with her father and Valentine by land and sea; the lonely moonlight watches on the decks of steamers; the long, chill nights in railway-carriages under the feeble glimmer of an oil-lamp, and how she and Valentine had beguiled the tedious hours with wild, purposeless talk while Captain Paget slept. She remembered the strange cities which she and her father's protégé had looked at side by side; he with a calm listlessness of manner, which might either be real or assumed, but which never varied; she with an inward tremor of excitement and surprise. They had been very happy together, this lonely, unprotected girl and the reckless adventurer. If his manner to her had been fitful, it had been sometimes dangerously, fatally kind. She looked back now, and remembered the days which she had spent with him, and knew that all the pleasures possible in a prosperous and successful life could never bring for her such delight as she had known in the midst of her wanderings; though shame and danger lurked at every corner, and poverty, disguised in that tawdry masquerade habit in which the swindler dresses it, accompanied her wherever she went.

She had been happy with him because she had loved him. That close companionship, sisterly and brotherly though it had seemed, had been fatal for the lonely and friendless daughter of Horatio Paget. In her desolation she had clung to the one creature who was kind to her, who did not advertise his disdain for herself and her sex, or openly avow that she was a nuisance and an incumbrance. Every slight put upon her by her father had strengthened the chain that bound her to Valentine Hawkehurst; and as the friendship between them grew closer day by day until all her thoughts and fancies took their color from his, it seemed a matter of course that he should love her, and she never doubted his feelings or questioned her own. There had been much in his conduct to justify her belief that she was beloved; so this inexperienced, untutored girl may surely be forgiven if she rested her faith in that fancied affection, and looked forward to some shadowy future in which she and Valentine would be man and wife, all in all to each other, free from the trammels of Captain Paget's elaborate schemes, and living honestly, somehow or other, by means of literature, or music, or pen-and-ink caricatures, or some of those liberal arts which have always been dear to the children of Bohemia. They would have lodgings in some street near the Thames, and go to a theatre or a concert every evening, and spend long summer days in suburban parks or on suburban commons, he lying on the grass smoking, she talking to him or reading to him as his fancy might dictate. Before her twentieth birthday the proudest woman is apt to regard the man she loves as a grand and superior creature; and there had been a certain amount of reverential awe mingled with Diana's regard for Mr. Hawkehurst, scape-grace and adventurer though he was.

Little by little that bright girlish dream had faded away. Fancy's enchanted palace had been shattered into a heap of shapeless ruin by those accidental scraps of hard, worldly wisdom with which Valentine had pelted the fairy fabric. He a man to love, or to marry for love! Why, he talked like some hardened, world-weary sinner, who had done with every human emotion. The girl shuddered as she heard him. She had loved him, and believed in his love. She had fancied a tender meaning in the voice which softened when it spoke to her, a pensive earnestness in the dark eyes which looked at her; but just when the voice had seemed softest and sweetest, the pensive eyes most eloquently earnest, the adventurer's manner had changed all at once, and forever. He had grown hard and cold and indifferent. He had scarcely tried to conceal the fact that the girl's companionship bored and wearied him. He had yawned in her face, and had abandoned himself to moody abstraction when accident obliged him to be alone with her. Miss Paget's pride had been equal to the occasion. Mary Anne Kepp would have dissolved into tears at the first unkind word from the lips of her beloved; but Mary Anne Kepp's daughter, with the blood of the Cromie Pagets in her veins, was quite a different person. She returned Mr. Hawkehurst's indifference with corresponding disregard. If his manner was cold as a bleak autumn, hers was icy as a severe winter; only now and then, when she was very tired of her joyless existence, her untutored womanhood asserted itself, and she betrayed the real state of her feelings—betrayed herself as she had done on her last night at Forêtdechêne, when she and Valentine had looked down at the lighted windows shining dimly through the vaporous purple of the summer night. She looked back at the past now in the quiet of the school-garden, and tried to remember how miserable she had been, what agonies of despair she had suffered, how brief had been her delights, how bitter her disappointments. She tried to remember what tortures she had suffered from that wasted passion, that useless devotion. She tried to rejoice in the consciousness of the peace and respectability of her present life; but she could not. That passionate yearning for the past possessed her so strongly. She could remember nothing except that she had been with him. She had seen his face, she had heard his voice; and now how long and weary the time might be before she could again see that one beloved face or hear the dear familiar voice! The brightest hope she had in these midsummer holidays was the hope of a letter from him; and even that might be the prelude of disappointment. She wrestled with herself, and tried to exorcise those ghosts of memory which haunted her by day and wove themselves into her dreams by night; but they were not to be laid at rest. She hated her folly; but her folly was stronger than herself.

For three weeks Diana Paget had no companions but her sorrowful memories—her haunting shadows; but at the end of that time the stagnant mill-pond of her life was suddenly ruffled—the dull course of existence was disturbed by the arrival of two letters. She found them lying by her plate upon the breakfast-table one bright July morning; and while she was yet far away from the table she could see that one of the envelopes bore a foreign stamp, and was directed by the hand of Valentine Hawkehurst. She seated herself at the table in a delicious flutter of emotion, and tore open that foreign envelope; while the French governess poured out the tea, and while the little group of school-girls nudged one another and watched her eager face with insolent curiosity.

The first letter contained only a few lines.

"My dear Diana"—wrote the young man—"your father has decided on returning to London, where I believe he really intends to make a respectable start if he can only get the opening and the help he wants. I know you will be glad to hear this. I don't exactly say where we shall take up our quarters: but the Captain will of course come to see you: and if I can chasten my outward semblance sufficiently to venture within the sacred precincts of a lady's school, I shall come with him. Direct to the old address if you write before the end of the month: and believe me, as always, your friend,

Valentine."

The second letter was in Charlotte Halliday's big bold hand, and was frank, impetuous, and loving as the girl herself.

"My own dearest Di,—It is all arranged"—wrote Miss Halliday, dashing at once into the heart of the

subject—"I talked mamma over the very first day after my return, and then there was nothing more to be done than to talk over Mr. Sheldon. Of course there was just a little difficulty in that, for he is so awfully practical; and he wanted to know why I wanted a companion, and what *use* you would be in the house; as if the very last thing one required in a companion was companionship. I'm almost afraid to tell you the iniquitous fables I invented about your extreme usefulness: your genius for millinery, and the mints of money you would save by making-up mamma's flimsy little caps; your taste for dress-making, etc., etc., etc. You *are* the cleverest creature in the world, you know, Di; for you must remember how you altered that green-silk dress for me when Miss Porson had made me a square-shouldered fright. So, after a great deal of humming and ha-ing and argufication—*is* there such a word as 'argufication,' I wonder?—my step-father said that if my heart was set upon having you, and if I thought you would be useful, you might come to us; but that he could not afford to give you any salary, and that if you wanted a new dress now and then, I must buy it for you out of my own allowance; and I will, darling, if you will only come and be my friend and sister. My life is dreadfully dull without you. I walk up and down the stiff little gravel paths, and stare at the geraniums and calceolarias. Mariana might have been dreary in her moated grange; but I dare say the Lincolnshire flowers grew wild and free, and she was spared the abomination of gaudy little patches of red and yellow, and waving ribbons of blue and white, which constitute the glory of modern gardening. Do come to me, dear. I have no one to talk to, and nothing to do. Mamma is a dear good affectionate soul; but she and I don't understand each other. I don't care for her twittering little birds, and she doesn't care for my whims and fancies. I have read novels until I am tired. I am not allowed to go out by myself, and mamma can scarcely walk to Kensington Gardens without sinking under the exertion. We drive out sometimes; but I am sick to death of crawling slowly up and down by the Serpentine staring at people's bonnets. I might enjoy it, perhaps, if I had you with me to make fun out of some of the bonnets. The house is very comfortable; but it always seems to me unpleasantly like some philanthropic institution in miniature. I long to scratch the walls, or break the windows; and I begin to understand the feelings of those unhappy paupers who tear up their clothes; they get utterly tired of their stagnation, you see, and must do something wicked and rebellious rather than do nothing at all. You will take pity upon my forlorn state, won't you, Di? I shall come to Hyde Lodge to-morrow afternoon with mamma, to hear your ulti—what's its name?—and in the mean while, and forever afterward, believe me to be your devoted and unchanging LOTTA."

Diana Paget's eyes grew dim as she read this letter.

"I love her very dearly," she thought, "but not one hundred-fold as much as I ought to love her."

And then she went back to Mr. Hawkehurst's epistle, and read and re-read its half-dozen lines, wondering when he would come to London, and whether she would see him when he came. To see him again! The thought of that possibility seemed like a spot of vivid light, which dazzled her eyes and made them blind to any thing around or beyond it. As for this offer of a strange home in the household of Mr. Sheldon, it seemed to her a matter of so very little importance where she went or what became of her, that she was quite willing to let other people decide her existence. Any thing would be better than the monotony of Hyde Lodge. If Valentine Hawkehurst came to see her at Mr. Sheldon's house, he would be permitted to see her alone, most likely, and it would be something like the old times; whereas at the Lodge Priscilla Paget or one of the governesses would undoubtedly be present at any interview between Diana and her old friend, and the real Valentine would be hidden under the semblance of a respectable young man, with very little to say for himself. Perhaps this one thought exercised considerable influence over Miss Paget's decision. She wanted so much to see Valentine alone, to know whether he had changed, to see his face at the first moment of meeting, and to discover, if possible, the solution of that enigma which was the grand mystery of her life—that one perpetual question which was always repeating itself in her brain—whether he was altogether cold and indifferent, or if there was not some hidden warmth, some secret tenderness beneath that repelling outward seeming?

In the afternoon Miss Halliday called with Mrs. Sheldon, and there was a long discussion about Diana Paget's future life. Georgy abandoned herself as unhesitatingly to the influence of her daughter as she did to that of her husband, and had been brought to think that it would be the most delightful thing in the world to have Miss Paget for a useful companion.

"And will you really make my caps, dear?" she said, when she had grown at her ease with Diana. "Miss Terly in the Bayswater Road charges me so much for the simplest little lace head-dress; and though Mr. Sheldon is very good about those sort of things, I know he sometimes thinks my bills rather high."

Diana was very indifferent about her future, and the heart must have been very hard which could have resisted Charlotte's tender pleading; so it was ultimately decided that Miss Paget should write to her kinswoman to describe the offer that had been made to her of a new home, and to inquire if her services could be conveniently dispensed with at Hyde Lodge. After which decision Charlotte embraced her friend with enthusiasm, and departed, bearing off Mrs. Sheldon to the carriage which awaited them at the gates of Priscilla Paget's umbrageous domain.

Diana sighed as she went back to the empty school-room. Even Charlotte's affection could not altogether take the sting out of dependence. To go into a strange house among strange people, and to hold a place in it only on the condition of being perpetually useful and unfailingly good-tempered and agreeable, is scarcely the pleasantest prospect which this world can offer to a proud and beautiful woman. Diana remembered her bright vision of Bohemianism in a lodging near the Strand. It would be very delightful to ride on sufferance in Mrs. Sheldon's carriage, no doubt; but oh, how much pleasanter it would have been to sit by Valentine Hawkehurst in a hansom cab spinning along the road to Greenwich or Richmond!

She had promised to dispatch her letter to Priscilla by that afternoon's post, and she kept her promise. The reply came by return of post, and was very kind. Priscilla advised her by all means to accept Miss Halliday's offer, which would give her a much better position than that which she occupied at Hyde Lodge. She would have time to improve herself, no doubt, Priscilla said, and might be able to hope for something still better in the course of two or three years; "for you must look the world straight in the face, Diana," wrote the school-mistress, "as I did before I was your age; and make up your mind to rely upon your own exertions, since you know what your father is, and how little you have to hope for from him. As you are to have no salary with the Sheldons, and will no doubt be expected to make a good appearance, I shall do what I can to help you with your wardrobe."

This letter decided the fate of Captain Paget's daughter. A week after Miss Halliday's visit to Hyde Lodge a hack cab carried Diana and all her earthly possessions to the Lawn, where Charlotte received her with open arms, and where she was inducted into a neatly furnished bedchamber adjoining that of her friend. Mr. Sheldon scrutinized her keenly from under the shadow of his thick black brows when he came home to dinner. He treated her with a stiff kind of politeness during the orderly progress of the meal; and once, when he looked at her, he was surprised to find that she was contemplating him with an expression of mingled wonder and reverence.

He was the first eminently respectable man whom Miss Paget had ever encountered in familiar intercourse, and she was regarding him attentively, as an individual with scientific tastes might regard some natural curiosity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FEBRUARY is generally regarded as a sentimental month—very favorable to marriage, but opposed to horticulture; so that although weddings during this month are unusually numerous, no one in his senses would think of planting potatoes; hence the inference that it is a fair time for looking after *husbands*, and neglecting *husbandry*.

In some fairy history or other we remember to have read about a certain "Valentine," who was an exceedingly well-educated, dashing gentleman, who wore gandy armor, and went to Court; but we can scarcely imagine that he was related to the veritable St. Valentine, the founder of the "curious customs" which have made the 14th day of February so memorable. For the fairy "Valentine," though a sober, honest man, was no monkish saint, because he married a beautiful princess, had a large family of lovely children, and "lived happily all the days of his life;" whereas saints, as it is well known, were strictly forbidden entering into the connubial state, and led the most miserable existences it is possible to imagine, keeping up no establishment beyond a damp cave, with a skull or two by way of furniture, subsisting on cold water and wild fruits.

Those who are still devoted to the observances of "St. Valentine's Day" may be interested to know—if they are not already fully posted in the matter—what desperate methods young ladies of olden times employed to discover who was to be their "Valentine." Sometimes the question was decided by lot; but often young ladies wrote their lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose to the surface was to be the lucky fellow. Other maidens had recourse to a more disagreeable plan; they boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt. This the poor victim of love ate, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. Such devotion is charmingly lovely; but we can not conscientiously recommend it, except in rare cases.

One day last week Broadway "sprung a leak"—so did the avenues—so did several of the streets—in fact, *all* of them, so far as we know. The anticipated consequences are: colds, coughs, influenzas, consumption, asthma, phthisic, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs—a huge bill for medical treatment, and general discomfort. To be sure, we truly "know not what a day may bring forth" in the weather. To-day we are deluged with mud and water—"*slush*" is the vernacular—to-morrow we may be skating or falling on the ice; and the next day we may be blocked up by a snow-storm. The season is remarkable.

Dwellers in New York city have talked a great deal about "our immense quantity of snow" this winter. In Berkshire County, Massachusetts, the people have been buried in the snow—literally covered up and frozen in. Up to the window-sills, up to the shoulder on each side of the doorway, atop of fences, over the gates, and almost over head and ears lies the snow. The shrubbery and smaller fruit trees disappeared as under the sea. A blanket of snow, from four to twenty-five feet deep, might be supposed to keep the earth warm. It may seem incredible, but, by actual measurement, there were snow-drifts found in Berkshire of the depth of twenty-five feet—weird, fantastic, titan drifts they were.

The sons of men of genius are said to be dull as a rule, and the daughters to inherit the ability of their sires. Curiously enough, two great novelists seem destined to transmit their literary succession in the female line. Miss Thackeray's writings prove that she is endowed with her father's genius, as well as with a womanly power peculiarly her own. Miss Dickens is said to be the author of the story "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," which has recently appeared; and if such is the case the young authoress may be congratulated on having made an extremely successful *début*, and one worthy in every way of her father's reputation.

A good story is told of a Glasgow merchant who, on his death-bed, sent for a Free Church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospects, he asked the reverend gentleman—"Do you think if I were to leave £10,000 to the Free Kirk that my soul would be saved?" "Well," answered the cautious minister, "I couldn't just promise you that, but I think it's an experiment well worth trying."

At the Paris Exhibition a new and very delicate product of industry will be shown in basket-work, which is carried to such a point of perfection as to imitate lace. This species of manufacture has attained to so important a place in decorative art as to be an object of special admiration and research.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TWO PRINCES.

PRINCE JAMES. "Alfred, Pa says I may give you my Boat. It is now in perfect Order."
PRINCE ALFRED. "Oh! ah! vewy nice; but Ma says we don't Adverfise in the *New York Hewald!*"

"Do you know what I am thinking about?" said a customer to his barber. "No, Sir, not exactly, but I can see what is *running in your head*."

GARDENING.

During the present inclement weather don't set any thing—not even your foot—in your garden.

This is rather too early for sewing, but a little darning may be done.

The chief operations after New-Year's will be found to be pruning your outlay and cutting down expenditure. If you don't like this, and prefer hoeing, you can (h)owe your butcher's bill.

Things are apt to be backward with such variable weather. If your crops don't come up, there's no remedy for it. Should your dinner, however, not come up when you ring, you can ring again.

PROVERB BY OUR SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK.—Wishes won't wash Dishes.

During the early part of the rebellion Alfred A—— enlisted in the ——th regiment, then recruiting at Buffalo. Before going South he obtained leave of absence and came up to see his friends and bid them good-by. As he walked up the street he met an acquaintance, who exclaimed,

"How are you, Alf? When did you come? Did you come up on a furlough?"

"No," was the naïve reply. "I *came up on the cars!*"

Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?—Its tongue.

A violinist was lately arrested for getting into a *scrape*.

A TAILOR'S REVENGE.—Giving a customer fits.

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.—A Congressman has been arrested for trying to pass a bad bill.

In the year 1863 a meeting was held in Lebanon, Indiana, for the purpose of getting up a supper and fair for the sick and wounded soldiers. Judge B——, being loyal all over, was very active in such matters, and was appointed chairman of the meeting. There was quite a number of ladies present.—The business progressed rapidly, and as most of the articles for the supper were to be donated the Judge called, in his ludicrous manner, on those present, to know how much they could contribute. Almost enough was given to complete the arrangements, when some one suggested that it would be necessary to have some milk. "Oh yes," said the Judge, rising with great dignity; "*all you ladies that give milk will please arise.*" It is sufficient to say that there was no rising done.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "The doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

A REAL WATER CURE.—The chaplaincy on board a man-of-war.

EPITAPH FOR A GLUTTON.—No more!

BENEVOLENT BARBARITY.—We are glad to hear that, thanks to the beneficence of the rich, a great many poor people have been thoroughly coaled during the recent inclement weather.

Bacon without liver is food for the mind.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Wilt thou be mine, sweet maiden?
Oh, wilt thou be my bride?
My spirit sorely laden
For such a love has sighed!
Yet much as I admire thee
I first would rather see,
If all that I require thee
Thou likely art to be!
Thou'lt share my joy and sorrow,
Thou'lt love me well and long,
Thou'lt teach my soul to borrow
Fresh comfort from thy song.
Ah, yes! but there is more, love,
That I of thee desire—
Which (as I said before, love)
I should of thee require.
Wilt never have cold mutton
My appetite to hurt?
Wilt never let a button
Be missing from my shirt?
Wilt never let a hole be
Undarned in sock of mine?
Then mistress of my soul be,
Sweet maid, I'm ever thine!

"None but the brave deserve the fair." No; and none but the *brave* can live with some of them.

Alphonse Karr, the gardener-poet, has offered a *bon-mot* to the world. He was lately present at a banquet given by some of the disciples of Hahnemann. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by every body, when the president remarked: "Monsieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose, and modestly replied: "I propose the health of the sick."

Passing along the street we heard the following between two gentlemen:

FIRST GENT. "I shall go in his store no more; he presented a bill to me when I didn't owe him a red cent."

SECOND GENT. "He did me a confounded sight more than that; he presented me a big bill *when I did owe him*."

There is no cruelty in whipping cream.

THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

Wife. "HAVE YOU LOST YOUR WATCH, LOVE?"
Husband. "NO, DEAR; 'TWAS A NEW BONNET I HAD FOR YOU SOMEWHERE."

THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

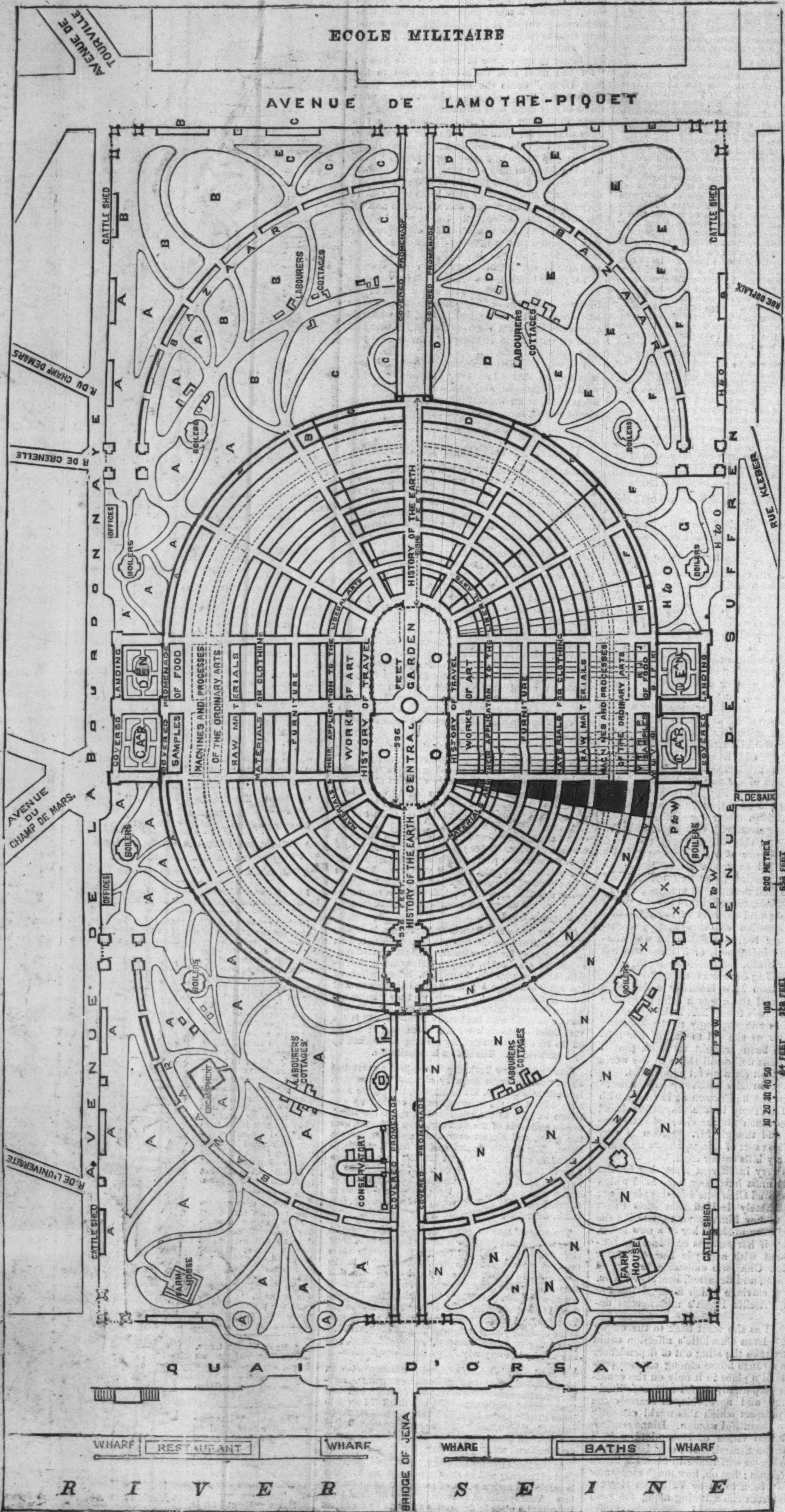
The attention of American manufacturers has been for more than a year past drawn toward the Paris Industrial Exposition as a means of displaying our "Yankee ingenuity;" and American pleasure-seekers are now looking forward to the same exhibition as to a festival of fun and sight-seeing. While vessels are continually loading at our wharves with the products of our work-shops, numerous others are being engaged by those who contemplate the tour as one of pleasure. Now that the day for the opening of the building is near at hand the hegira is already begun.

We publish in this issue of the *Weekly* two interesting illustrations of this important work—the one showing the ground-plan of the building, and the other the building itself as it now appears in course of construction. The scene in the Champ de Mars, Paris, where the building stands, presents at this time a very animated appearance, which can be better appreciated from a glance at our illustration than from any written description. The labor of erecting the building has been very great, and the expense enormous. The grade of that portion of the Champ de Mars which adjoins the Seine had to be raised to the level of the Quai d'Orsay, and this alone was a work involving vast labor, expense, and time. The grounds have been otherwise improved, so as to completely change their appearance from the former open field to a beautiful park, in the centre of which will stand the Industrial Palace when completed.

The accompanying map is the official ground-plan of the building, which such readers of the *Weekly* as are going to Paris will wisely preserve as their guide. It will be seen that the entire space of the famous Champ de Mars, an immense field 1000 yards long by 700 feet wide, will be occupied. "Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" describes it as formerly devoted to horse-racing and military reviews, and until the present buildings were begun it was the site of the Parisian Hippodrome. It was in the Champ de Mars that, in 1790, Louis XVI., seated on a splendid altar, swore to maintain the new Constitution, which finally overthrew him. It was here that, in 1850, Louis Philippe distributed the colors to the National Guard; and that, later (May 10, 1852), the present Napoleon gave the eagles to the army, on which occasion there were over 60,000 troops present on parade.

The palace, it will be noticed from our illustration, is to be of an oval form; and, to secure that double system of classification of the various articles exhibited which it has been decided to adopt, and which will be unquestionably one of the most valuable features of the contemplated exhibition, possibly no other form presenting equal advantages to that of the circle or the oval could have been selected. The following are the chief dimensions of the building and its approaches: From the Bridge of Jena to the commencement of the covered promenade is 315 feet. The length o. the covered promenade on the side of the exhibition facing the Seine is 820 feet. From the chief entrance of the palace to the edge of the central garden is 536 feet. The length of the central garden is likewise 536 feet. The distance between the central garden and the entrance on the side facing the Ecole Militaire is also 536 feet. The length of the covered promenade leading to the Ecole Militaire is 712 feet. The extreme length of the building is 1608 feet, and its extreme breadth is 500 feet. The space of ground covered by the building and its accessories, including the surrounding park and covered promenades, is 3153 feet in length by about 1500 feet wide. The table of references accompanying the map will further explain the arrangement of the interior of the palace, showing the location and amount of space given to the products of each country.

The architect of the palace was Mr. Hardy, a Frenchman, both by birth and education. The chief engineer was Mr. Krantz, formerly chief engineer of the Orleans Railway, who was appointed by the French Government, without any kind of competition taking place.—There was no general contractor for the entire work, but separate contractors for each particular department. The masonry alone is known to have cost $500,000; but we have no means of calculating the total cost of the building.



Names of Countries.	Space Allotted.
A, France and French Colonies	200,102 sq. ft.
B, Holland and Dutch Colonies	6,560 "
C, Belgium	23,786 "
D, Prussia	24,699 "
E, Other German States	24,609 sq. ft.
F, Austria	24,699 "
G, Switzerland	7,924 "
H, Denmark	2,132 "
I, Sweden and Norway	6,860 sq. ft.
J, Spain and Spanish Colonies	6,378 "
K, Portugal and Portuguese Colonies	3,720 "
L, Greece	2,130 sq. ft.
M, Danubian Principalities	2,130 "
N, Papal States	2,130 "
O, Italy	12,756 "
P, Russia	9,564 sq. ft.
Q, Turkey	4,252 "
R, Persia and Central Asia	2,130 "
S, China, Japan, and South. Asia	2,657 "
T, Africa and Oceania	2,657 sq. ft.
U, Mexico and Central America	2,136 "
V, Republics of South America	2,657 "
W, Brazil	3,173 "
X, United States	10,978 sq. ft.
Y, Reserved space	4,510 "
Z, Great Britain and British Colonies	75,467 "

PLAN OF THE PALACE AND PARK OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

HON. JOHN LATHROP MOTLEY.

THE country owes another debt of gratitude to Mr. MOTLEY, the historian. He has saved us a national disgrace by his manly and dignified reply to the impertinent letter of Mr. SEWARD, demanding to know the truth of contemptible charges anonymously made by a supposed spy of the State Department. The correspondence was unearthed by the Senate on January 29, and has been published. As a matter of history, and as reflecting great honor on Mr. MOTLEY, we give it entire:

MR. SEWARD TO MR. MOTLEY.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, *Nov.* 21, 1866.

SIR,—A citizen of the United States has addressed a letter to the President from Paris, in which he represents that he had traveled extensively in Europe during the past year, in the course of which he had occasion to see something of our Ministers and Consuls in various countries. The most of those whom he met were bitterly hostile to the President and his administration, and expressed that hostility in so open a manner as to astonish Americans and leave a very bad impression on Europeans. He adds, that you do not pretend to conceal "your disgust," as he says you style it, at the President's whole conduct. That you despise American democracy, and loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection. That the President has deserted his pledges and principles in common with Mr. SEWARD, who you say is hopelessly degraded. Your denial or confirmation of the truth of these reports is requested.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

To J. LATHROP MOTLEY, ESQ.

MR. MOTLEY TO MR. SEWARD.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
VIENNA, *December* 11, 1866.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State:

SIR,—An hour or two ago I received a letter from you dated November 21, 1866, to which I hasten to reply. You inform me that a citizen of the United States has addressed a letter to the President from Paris stating that in the course of the last year "he had had occasion to see something of our Ministers and Consuls in various countries; that most of those whom he met were bitterly hostile to the President and the administration, and expressed that hostility in so open a manner as to astonish Americans and to leave a very bad impression on Europeans." With the opening paragraph, relating generally to United States Ministers and Consuls abroad, I have nothing especial to do. Other gentlemen are fully competent to answer for themselves. You proceed to say: "He adds that you do not pretend to conceal your disgust, as he says you style it, at the President's whole conduct; that you despise American democracy, and loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection; that the President has deserted the pledges and principles in common with Mr. SEWARD, who, you say, is hopelessly degraded." You conclude by requesting me to deny or confirm the truth of these reports.

My first impulse on receiving the letter was to content myself with a flat denial of their truth. On a little further reflection, however, I do not wish that there should be any doubt as to my political sentiments as a representative of the foreign politics of the Government. I have done my best faithfully to discharge my duties in strict conformity with my instructions. In the conflict of opinions in regard to home questions, especially that of reconstruction, my views have never been asked for by the United States Government, and I should have considered it unbecoming and superfluous to volunteer a public declaration of them as I certainly should have deemed it my duty to express them frankly whenever they were officially demanded. I do not understand that I am even now directly questioned on the subject; but after reading your letter I owe it to myself to say a few words. I have always believed it necessary that strong guarantees should be taken against a recurrence of the rebellion and the establishment of some form of slavery before the seceded States should be readmitted to representation in Congress. Latterly I am inclined to the opinion that the noblest and the safest course would be by an amendment of the Constitution, prohibiting the distinction of race or color in regard to the attainment of the franchise, together with a general amnesty to be proclaimed by the President. These opinions in the privacy of my own household and to an occasional American visitor I have not concealed.

The great question now presenting itself for solution demands a conscientious scrutinizing by every American who loves his country and believes in the human progress of which that country is one of the foremost representatives. I have never thought during my residence at Vienna that because I have the honor of being a public servant of the American people I am deprived of the right of discussing within my own walls the gravest subject that can interest freemen. A Minister of the United States is as deeply interested as others in all that affects the welfare of his country. In conversation with such of my colleagues or members of the Government here as were interested in our politics I have uniformly stated that the conflict of opinions now prevailing in the United States was inevitable in a free country. That such discussion was the very evidence of our freedom and of our capacity to govern ourselves. That to silence discussion belongs to despots, and not to a republican government like ours; and that I had entire faith that the American people would settle all disputed questions with justice. I have always been cautions, however, in such considerations, to avoid any expressions of disrespect toward the President or his Cabinet. I have uniformly stated that in our own country the people was not only theoretically but practically sovereign, and that when great political questions were to be solved appeal was made to the ballot-box. I have steadily expressed the opinion that the President and Congress would be reconciled after the people should have pronounced their solemn verdict; and I have added that all parties in the United States, as I believe, honestly desired and required the re-establishment of the Union, however they might differ as to the wisest means of securing it. This is the way in which I have been in the habit of speaking, officially or semi-officially; and this is my reply to the charges contained in your letter, so far as they regard in any way the President of the United States.

That "I despised American democracy, and loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection," is so pitiful a fabrication that I blush while I denounce it. Any one personally acquainted with me, or who has taken the trouble to read my writings, whether official or historical, knows that a more fervent believer in American democracy than I am does not exist in the world. My expressions of reverence for the American people during these few heroic years have erred, if at all, on the side of enthusiasm, and have often seemed to the skeptical somewhat extravagant. I scorn to dwell longer on the contemptible charge. That I have called "Mr. SEWARD hopelessly degraded" is a vile calumny, and it wounds me deeply that you could listen for a moment to such a falsehood. In conclusion, I have only to add that I beg herewith respectfully to resign my post as United States Minister at Vienna. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. LATHROP MOTLEY.

HON. JOHN LATHROP MOTLEY, MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

We also publish in this connection a portrait of Mr. MOTLEY. He has been before the country in many honorable positions for years past, but never appeared to better advantage than in the present instance. Mr. MOTLEY is a native of Massachusetts, and was born in Dorchester April 15, 1814. He graduated at Harvard in 1831, and studied subsequently at Göttingen and the University of Berlin. He was admitted to the American bar in 1836; but principally devoted himself to literary pursuits. He was Secretary of Legation to Russia in 1840, but soon after his appointment resigned in order to devote himself to literature. He had published one or two novels, and several valuable papers in the Reviews, previous to the appearance, in London, in 1856, of his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," but they had excited but little attention. The last-named volume, however, was highly successful, and when followed by the history of "The United Netherlands," established Mr. MOTLEY's reputation as a brilliant historian, and secured for him, on the death of Mr. PRESCOTT, the election to the vacant memberships in

THE ORPHAN HOME AND SCHOOL LOTTERY—DRAWING THE PRIZES AT COOPER INSTITUTE.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

the various learned societies of Europe. He was appointed Minister to Austria by Mr. LINCOLN, in 1861, and held the position with great honor to the country until lately compelled by his self-respect to resign it.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEEKLY,—I am here listening to the Head Centres of the nation disposing of their time, and I thought I would communicate to you the amusing way in which they did it.

When I happened in the House of Reps, Head Centre ROSS was saying that he would never consent to any bill that would make a reduction of ten stars out of the national banner, which I consider myself a rather heavy discount on thirty-seven. He said Generals GRANT and SHERMAN were against the bill, and the only army officers who favored it were those whose military exploits during the war had been the hunting of cotton and silver-spoons. As I had never heard of those officers, I suppose they belong to the

SECRET SERVICE.

This Head Centre continued by saying that if reconstruction was based on representation and suffrage the outrages on the colored folks would be so great that there would be emigration from the South to New England like a flight of doves. Another Head Centre moved to insert "crows" instead of "doves" in the gentleman's flight. Head Centre ROSS said that the flight he referred to was more a flight of rhetoric than doves. But I believe both parties settled down at last on "blackbirds." He appealed to the Head Centres to let well enough alone. "Rather bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of." Whether this referred to flying to New England, as before stated, he did not say.

Head Centre RAYMOND gave notice that he would like to introduce a bill to increase the tax on "undressed skins." That he witnessed with alarm among his constituents things that led him to believe that the tax on

UNDRESSED SKINS.

was entirely too light, as indeed was the dressing, and that, while the members were so much occupied with their interest in the blacks they would not forget the "Black Crook." [Immense cheering in the galleries, in which they said they wouldn't.] The Speaker here said he would have to clear the galleries if that thing was repeated.

Head Centre MORRILL, the Great Protector of the House, said that while on that subject he would like his colleague to add to the bill an article to protect

"SCRUBBED WOOL,"

as it was now open to great competition, and prominent wool-growers had told him that unless that was protected they would be completely fleeced by foreign growers. Without debating these motions the floor was yielded to the main questions of the day.

Head Centre ASHLEY spoke of the President of the United States as having become the leader of a negative rebellion.

Head Centre FINCK said that he was a photographer by profession, and he had never heard of a "negative" getting up a rebellion; didn't believe it could be done; he had taken several of them himself, and noticed no resistance on their part, even of rebels.

HEAD CENTRE FINCK TAKING A REBEL ALIVE.

Head Centre CHANLER asked whether, if no loyal people but negroes were found in a State, he (Mr. ASHLEY) would recognize that State government based on negro votes alone? Head Centre ASHLEY said that if there is a single State in the American Union in which there is not a loyal man except black men, he would clothe those black men with the right of franchise and every other right under this Government.

A Head Centre suggested that, during the cold weather, to be clothed with nothing but "the right of franchise" would be rather cool; and he moved to amend by inserting, instead of "every other right," "cloths, cassimere, and tricot." [Laughter, during which the Speaker threatened to clear the galleries.]

In continuation of his argument Head Centre ASHLEY said he would vote to admit HORACE GREELEY as a member from South Carolina, or any other man, if loyal, until the State was restored to its practical relations to the United States. Head Centre ELDRIDGE said, How about the HORACE of New York? [A voice from the galleries, "And the delegate from Oregon?"] At which the Speaker said he would clear the galleries if that thing was repeated, but as he had said that fourteen times before that morning, nobody in the galleries was offended.

Head Centre ASHLEY, continuing, said—The assumption, the brazen assumption of men here who, during the entire war, were in secret alliance with the rebels, coming here and joining hands with the apostate at the other end of the avenue—[Cries of "Borrowed! borrowed! 'the other end of the avenue' won't do! get something else!"]—a recognized leader of a negative rebellion, as I said a while ago, passes comprehension.

After this Head Centre had taken his seat, Head Centre WINFIELD wanted to know to whom Head Centre ASHLEY intended to apply these remarks. As some show of a fight was now coming on, the crowd in the galleries began crying out, "Hats off in front!" The Speaker threatened to clear the galleries if that thing was repeated. Head Centre WINFIELD said he had never been associated with rebels or the man at the other end of the avenue, and he would stand no such insinuation.

Head Centre ASHLEY said he had no doubt that there were plenty of men here that during the whole war belonged to the "not another man or not another dollar" party.

Head Centre HUNTER said, so far as he was concerned, it was a base lie! The Speaker said this Head Centre was completely out of order. Head Centre RANDALL added—Nevertheless true. The Speaker said the gentleman from Pennsylvania was out of order.

Head Centre HILL now submitted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*—That the gentleman from New York, Mr. HUNTER, in declaring that the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. ASHLEY, told a lie, transgressed the rules of this body, and deserves to be censured for the same by the Speaker."

Head Centre ANCONA thought the punishment contemplated too severe, and moved, instead, that they lay the gentleman from New York on the table. Head Centre STEVENS moved that, if convicted, the Speaker commute the sentence to imprisonment in the old Capitol prison.

Head Centre LE BOND, the brunette, asked the House which was the most offensive—the language used by the gentleman from New York, Mr. HUNTER, or that used by Mr. WINFIELD? None of the audience seemed to be able to guess this conundrum, and were about giving it up, when a gentleman in the galleries ventured an answer, and shouted out, "Because he can't climb a tree!" The Speaker said the gallery was out of order in thus trenching on the privileges of the House, and he should clear them if that thing was repeated.

Head Centre NIBLACK said that because the conundrum was guessed by the Democratic side of the galleries the Speaker didn't like it. The Speaker overheard this remark of Mr. NIBLACK, and declared Head Centre NIBLACK out of order.

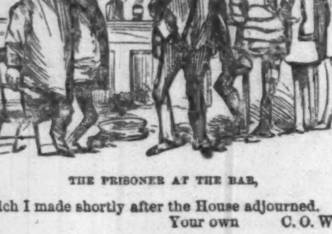
The House now proceeded to take a vote on censuring Mr. HUNTER. Head Centre HALL wished to be excused from voting, as he had a bad cold, several other "regrets" were sent up to the Chair, but they were not taken. The sense of the House was now taken (what little there was left), and they agreed, by a majority of 50 (although the Washington *Chronicle* claimed 20,000), to inflict the awful punishment due to his crime.

Head Centre HUNTER was now told to stand up. The House was told to look at the prisoner at the bar. The Speaker then put on his smoking-cap, and administered the sentence in the following solemn words:

Mr. HUNTER—Dear Sir: No deliberative body can preserve its own self-respect, neither can any thing be preserved properly, unless hermetically sealed, and your mouth is any thing but air-tight. We can not allow language to be used here that is only appropriate to a collection of Fenian Head Centres, and is condemned in all of the first-class bar-rooms of this city. For this offense you are sentenced by this House to stand treats until you are dead broke. Having thus declared the verdict of this House, let us adjourn to get the drinks.

At this latter remark of the Speaker the galleries were immediately cleared—the only time the Speaker was successful in that direction.

Below, dear *Weekly*, I give you a sketch of



THE PRISONER AT THE BAR,

which I made shortly after the House adjourned.

Your own C. O. W.

PIPES FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

MESSRS. KALDENBERG & SON, Nos. 4 and 6 John Street, are about sending some magnificent specimens of meerschaums—beautifully cut—to compete with those of European manufacture, at the Great Exhibition in Paris. They are now on exhibition at their warerooms, where the public is invited to view them. Pipes of every description are always made to order, and in the most finished and attractive manner. Also a great variety always on hand.

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NEW YORK, *Jan.* 9, 1867.

DEAR MR. HOFF,—My physician has advised my wife to use your Malt Extract instead of Porter or Ale, and she is much benefited by it. Please to send again, &c.

J. HELLER, 168 Lexington Avenue.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

DEAR MR. HOFF,—The best results were produced on the suffering condition of my lady by your Malt Extract Beverage of Health.

JOHN ZETTLER, No. 168 East Twelfth St.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 25, 1867.

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C. P. WAGNER, 273 Ninth Avenue.

To Hoff's Depot, 542 Broadway.

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WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

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To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

We publish some of our club lists to show how it is done and as matter of reference.

After the first club we send blanks.

Direct your orders plainly, THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643—as some parties imitate our name as near as they dare to.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Club Orders.

MIDDLESEX, VERMONT, *January* 7, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTLEMEN,—I herewith send you my second order, amounting to $77 90, for tea and coffee, which I wish you to fill with as much care as you did my first order. Every one of the first club were satisfied with the tea you sent, a part of whom have used their tea up, and join in this order for more. The largest portion of this order is from new friends who have heard of your great success in selling good tea. If you do well by your friends this time, I promise you a better order next time. Yours truly, GILMAN T. EATON.

2 lbs.	Y. H., Green	Gilman T. Eaton	at $1 25	$2 50
10 lbs.	" "	C. R. McElroy	at 1 25	12 50
1 lb.	" "	A. Richardson	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	" "	L. D. Airsworth	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	" "	Mrs. J. Haskins	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	Wm. D. McIntire	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Japan, Uncol.	Wm. D. McIntire	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	J. D. Hills	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Y. H., Green	Mrs. N. Grovenor	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	" "	N. Jackman	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	" "	E. M. Silsby	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	Norris Wright	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	" "	O. Evans	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	C. Foster	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	S. Darling	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Gunpowder	S. Darling	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb.	"	Wm. Prentis	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb.	Oolong	D. Murray	at 1 00	1 00
	Carried up			$41 25

	Brought up			$41 25
1 lb.	Oolong	D. Murray	at 60	60
2 lbs.	Y. H., Green	Mrs. L. Foster	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	R. Holden	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	Mrs. T. B. Stiles	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	H. K. Eaton	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	O. A. Chamberlin	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	H. Hills	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	L. Leeland	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	T. Murpy	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	" "	W. C. Barnard	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	" "	S. Hutchins	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	Wm. Foster	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	" "	Geo. Newcomb	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	A. G. Prentis	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs.	" "	G. H. Lewis	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs.	" "	Mrs. H. G. Gurnsey	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb.	Gunpowder	M. Aldrich, Jr.	at 1 50	1 50
2 lbs.	Y. H., Green	A. G. Murray	at 1 25	2 50
	Total			$77 10
2 lbs.	Best Unground Coffee, Roasted	Martin Hamlit	at 40	80
	Total (64 lbs.)			$77 90

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

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From T. B. LAWRENCE, *U. S. Consul-General Florence, February* 15, 1866.

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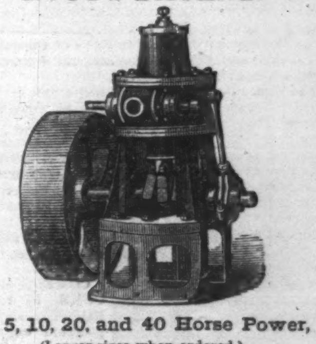

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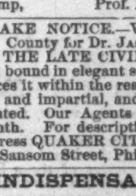

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